

Week ending November 3 1945

Every Thursday—Threepence

JOHN BULL



JOHN BULL TODAY No 1 The Builder by Stanley Herbert

WAR DECLARED—ON WAR :: see centre pages

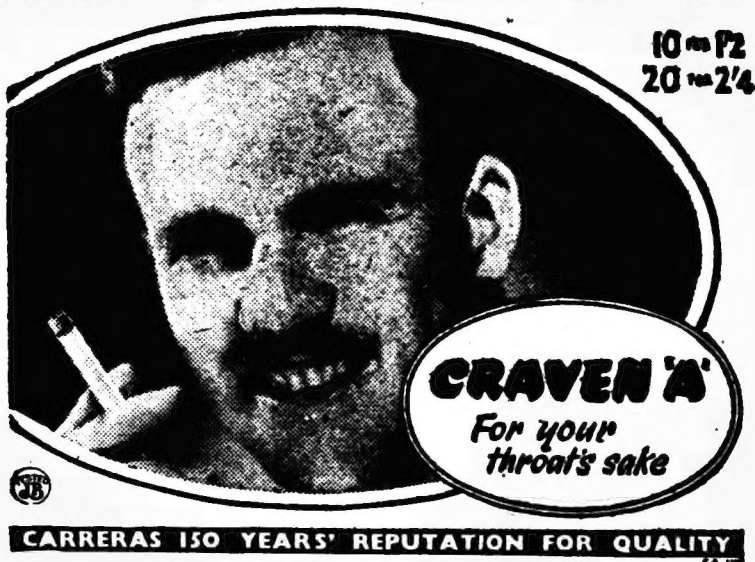


Mr. G says:

REMEMBER

BRAIDIO

YOU WILL HEAR MORE FROM THIS



10 PM P2
20 PM 24

CRAVEN'S
For your throat's sake

CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

It's up to us to keep fit

THERE are three golden rules for fitness. First: regular exercise. Second: fresh air. Third: good food.

Of these simple rules the third is not quite so simple as it looks! The fact is that the most appetising food is not always the most nutritious. But there is an easy way to make certain that every meal you eat, however frugal, is rich in nutriment. You simply replace the missing goodness by taking a little pure yeast. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the B Vitamins. Yestamin is yeast in tablet form. When you take Yestamin you take pure dried yeast highly concentrated. You'll like its savoury taste and you'll soon feel the benefit of its vital goodness.

YESTAMIN

Vitamin B1 B12	30 I. U. per gram.
Biotin	65 mcgs. per gram.
Calcium D-Pantothenate	65 mcgs. per gram.
Niacin	455 mcgs. per gram.
Vitamin B6 B12	34 mcgs. per gram.

TABLETS 1/11, 3/- per bottle

The English Grain Co. Ltd. Burton-on-Trent.

FOOD FACTS

6 Different Puddings

from one simple recipe

A GOOD STEAMED PUDDING is a splendid finish to the meal on a chilly day — especially if the first course hasn't been too filling. So it is a good idea to plan to have a steamed pudding for the mid-week dinner, when your rations may be running low.

You're sure to find a family favourite in the puddings listed here. The basic recipe is an easy one to make, and very economical on the rations. You'll find the variations quite simple, too.



The Recipe

Ingredients (for 4): 8 oz. plain flour and 4 level teaspoons baking powder (or 8 oz. self-raising flour); a pinch of salt; 2 oz. fat (margarine, lard or dripping); 2 oz. sugar; 1 dried egg, reconstituted; just under 1-pint milk or milk and water to mix.

Method: Mix together flour, salt, baking powder. Rub in fat. Add sugar, egg, and enough liquid to make mixture to a stiff consistency. Turn into a greased 6-in. basin, steam for 1½ hours. Serve in any of the ways listed here.

1. Plain Steamed Pudding
Make up the recipe as given, and serve with jam, syrup, or custard sauce.

2. Jam Pudding

Put 2 tablespoons jam or marmalade in bottom of basin before pouring in mixture.

3. Chocolate Pudding

Add 3 level tablespoons cocoa along with the egg, and add an extra ½-1 oz. sugar or syrup.

4. Ginger Pudding

Add 4 level teaspoons ground ginger with the sugar. Use only 1 oz. sugar and add 1 oz. syrup with the liquid.

5. Spice Pudding

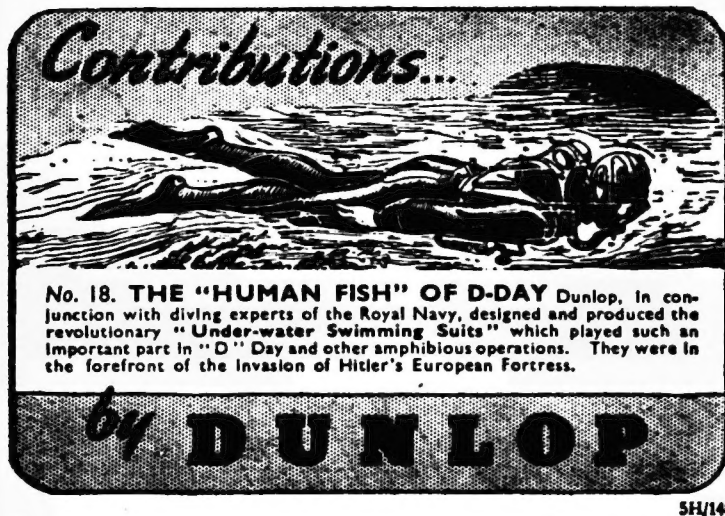
Add 2-3 oz. dried fruit and 2 level teaspoons mixed spice with the sugar.

6. Fruit Pudding

Add 2-3 oz. dried fruit with the sugar.

MORE FOOD FACTS BY RADIO AT 8.20 A.M. ON THURSDAYS

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 276



Contributions...

No. 18. THE "HUMAN FISH" OF D-DAY Dunlop, in conjunction with diving experts of the Royal Navy, designed and produced the revolutionary "Under-water Swimming Suits" which played such an important part in "D" Day and other amphibious operations. They were in the forefront of the Invasion of Hitler's European Fortress.

by DUNLOP

SH/148



Midnight Heroine of a Day Dream

Dreams of romance that never came true! Then . . . heroine in a true love story! And it was all due to . . . Poudre Tokalon. How marvellously natural Poudre Tokalon looks, as it clings skin-tight for long, glamorous hours. How smooth, flawless and free from patchiness Poudre Tokalon keeps the complexion. That's because Poudre Tokalon contains Mousse of Cream . . . the ingredient that keeps powder on hours longer and hides shiny nose. Choose your Poudre Tokalon shade from Apricot, Natural, Peach, Rose Peach, Brandy and Raspberry.

Poudre TOKALON



A BISCUIT KEEPS YOU GOING...

As a compact energy food Biscuits are easily carried and make a meal in a moment.

Issued by the Cakes and Biscuits Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.



GAS FOR ME kettle boils quickest

GAS FOR ME oven heat is exact

GAS FOR ME stews can simmer

GAS gives exact heat - instantly

BRITISH GAS COUNCIL, LONDON, S.W.1



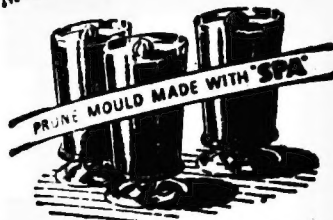
Nobody Writes to Me!

If nobody plays "postman's knock" with you, are you sure the reason isn't dingy teeth?

Use Colgate Dental Cream twice daily and be proud of your Colgate-clean teeth . . . brilliantly white teeth in a fresh and fragrant mouth — with that fascinating shine and sparkle which are so much admired.

Play Safe! use COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM Twice a day

1/1 Including Tax



How wonderfully these two blend—the "Spa" absorbs the flavour of the prunes—it has no taste or odour of its own—and adds food value and variety to an everyday dish. "Spa" is the purest gelatine made. Because of its high quality it always gives perfect results.

*** LOW MELTING POINT**
ensures added digestibility

ASK RETAILER FOR "SPA" RECIPE BOOK, PRICE 2d. OR SEND PRICE DIRECT TO ADDRESS BELOW

Price 3d. per oz. See that you are served from the "Spa" tin.

LOW MELTING POINT
SPA GELATINE
GUARANTEED PURE FOOD

B. YOUNG & CO. LTD.
"Spa" Works, Grange Rd., London, S.E.1



DRUMMER DYES

Still lead the way for successful home dyeing



write to JOHN BULL about it

Jobs in the G.P.O.

"I AM BEING DEMOBLED shortly, and want to try to get a job in the G.P.O. as a sorter or a postman. Can you tell me how to go about it, and give me any particulars about the conditions and chances?"

"I am experienced in office work, typing and shorthand, and my character is described as exemplary."

● THERE IS NO direct recruitment of ex-Servicemen to the job of Post Office sorter. When vacancies occur they are filled by people already in the Post Office—postmen, for example.

But there is a good chance for ex-Servicemen to become postmen or night telephonists, provided their qualifications are suitable. Ex-Regulars are given preference, however, over men who have served for hostilities only.

To become appointed to one of these grades, you have to be over eighteen and under thirty, but there is an extension to forty for those who have served with the Forces, and an extension to forty-five for Service pensioners. Whether the pension was granted for disability or for long service makes no difference.

When you are demobilised you should apply at the local Employment Exchange to have your name registered for Post Office employment as postman or night telephonist. You may be able to apply for a sorter's job later on.

Income Tax Allowance

"CAN I GET any allowance in income tax on behalf of my daughter and her child? My wife is in failing health, and my daughter is helping to look after the house."

"I have kept her and her little daughter ever since the baby was born."

● YOU SHOULD SUBMIT the facts of your case to the Inspector of Taxes. On the grounds that your daughter is maintained by you, and living with you in order to look after an invalid mother, you should be able to claim an income tax allowance of £25 a year.

You will have to prove, however, that your daughter's husband is not obtaining income

tax relief because of being a married man.

But you may also be able to obtain an allowance of £50 in respect of your grandchild on the ground that he (or she) is in your custody and wholly maintained by you. Here again, however, it must be proved that no other person is obtaining income tax relief in respect of the child.

If you have difficulty in getting these allowances, submit the correspondence to us, and we may be able to advise you further.

Disabled Workers

"I REGISTERED UNDER the Disabled Persons Act, 1944, and asked to be admitted to a rehabilitation centre in order to learn a trade suitable to my affliction. The local Labour Exchange, to whom I handed two doctors' certificates, now say they have never received them."

"My present employers, when they want to discharge a man, get their medical man to send a note to the National Service Officer to say that his health is not up to the standard required for the work, and ask permission to discharge him."

"I want to know whether they can do this under the new Disabled Persons Act. If so, it makes this Act seem a farce. My health is not good, but it is not worse than it was when I was directed to this work two years ago. The local Employment Exchange won't admit me to a rehabilitation centre for training, but if I am given my release by the National Service Officer I intend to appeal against it."

● I CAN FEEL the greatest sympathy for you in your present position, but you are making a mistake if you think there is any connection between discharge granted by the National Service Officer and the Disabled Persons Act.

The employers apply to the National Service Officer to discharge a man on grounds of ill-health, but this is done under the Essential Work Order.

The Disabled Persons (Employment) Act does not compel your employers to retain you. All it provides is that employers with over twenty people in their employment must use a quota of disabled persons. But this is very far from meaning that they cannot discharge a disabled person.

I wish you good luck in your appeal to the local Appeal Board. Your case will be care-

Continued on page 22

...but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!



We don't keep Nescafé up our sleeve. It's just that supplies can't keep pace with ever-growing demand. But it may be your turn soon. And then, a spoonful in the cup, near-boiling water, and hey presto! A quick cup of fragrant full-flavoured coffee. No bother to make, no bothersome grounds. Just enjoyment of a good cup of coffee.

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

FIRST CLASS CLARK'S SOUPS



OXTAIL
GREEN PEA
KIDNEY
TOMATO

HOW

Heartening!

Now she can again enjoy the best of all breakfasts

Heartening indeed to know that Quick Quaker Oats are back—satisfying, time-saving, enjoyable—all their goodness and purity sealed in the familiar package. Ask your grocer for Quick Quaker Oats.

Quick QUAKER OATS

Q.O.33B



Will you give freely on Poppy Day?



Of course you will!



Madeira Ltd. venture to remind their many friends of the need for giving as generously as possible on POPPY DAY, November 10th.



Come on David!



YOU wouldn't think to look at him now that there was a time when they almost gave him up. Like so many babies he couldn't digest his food. Then someone suggested Nestlé's Milk and from the first feed he came on famously. Nestlé's Milk is rich, full cream country milk. Nature's own perfect food, specially prepared to make it digestible by the most delicate baby.

RICHEST IN CREAM Nestlé's Milk

Children need extra energy. Porridge provides plenty of natural nourishment. But remember that *the FLAVOUR alone* makes them greedy for the goodness in

Scott's porridge Oats

GROWN IN SCOTLAND—QUICKEST HOT BREAKFAST



Mars are marvellous

They certainly are! Just chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish.

Mars
ZONED TO THE SOUTH



If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because so many continue to have special need of it

For six years Horlicks has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. Many of these needs must still be met.

Meanwhile, nearly as much Horlicks is reaching the shops as in 1939 — but many more people are asking for it today. If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, remember that any extra supplies must still go to those who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS



WINSTON ON THE WARPATH

A tax on spending. Indiscriminate call-ups. Future of Palestine. Cost-of-living standards. Plight of the old folk. Shortage of doctors

FULL OF FIGHT and telling phrases, Winston Churchill is back in action on the Opposition Front Bench. All sides of the House of Commons were glad to see him there after his holiday and brief illness. His reappearance decisively answers the question "What is Winston going to do?"

He intends to lead the depleted Conservative ranks in the day-to-day thrust and parry of Parliamentary duelling. He has decided against the rôle of an elder statesman, intervening only on the biggest issues.

In short, he emerges as commander in the field of the anti-Government forces. It will add to the brightness of Parliament. Whether, in the long run, it will add to the eminence of Winston's history-making place in British politics has yet to be seen. The decision is his.

Friends were divided about the advice they tendered. Winston has plumped for the "Up, Guards and at 'em" school.

Guerilla Warfare

Beaverbrook and Brendan Bracken, trusted advisers of Britain's great war time leader, have been the two main influences in persuading Churchill to become a guerilla warfare chieftain. Eden advised against it.

This was not because, in Churchill's absence, Eden becomes Number One on the Tory benches. It was rather because Eden, more than most men, knows his leader's weaknesses.

The truth is that Winston is not a good Opposition leader. Impressive as his first efforts in this unaccustomed part have been, it may turn out, as the session goes on, that Winston has mis-cast himself.

Irreverence Indicated

Throughout the years of the Coalition Government when Winston spoke, the House was hushed. Apart from a handful of irreverents, with the present Minister of Health, Nye Bevan, prominent among them, Churchill could rely upon the House receiving every word he uttered almost with awe.

Not so to-day. Facing him will be Government benches—young, vigorous, alert—including many who can take pride in their own war

record. To Winston, leader of a nation at war, they would have listened with intent devotion.

To Churchill, leader of the Conservative Party, they will show less regard. More important, they will regard him as having betrayed his own past; of having willingly handed his great war reputation over on a plate to sustain the fallen fortunes of the Party which he leads.

Political Pathos?

Of all men, Winston Churchill would be the last to ask any favours from M.P.s opposed to his political faith. But can he adjust himself, at his age, to an atmosphere in which his every sentence is judged as a narrow Party statement?

Will he be comfortable as the organiser of the minor, and often petty, strategies of a Parliamentary Opposition, seeking to score a point over the Government?

We think not. Winston will be a great Parliamentarian until the day of his death. But during the war he became more than that. He became the symbol of a nation fighting for its life. Now he will become symbol of a Party striving to regain "face."

He cannot expect to have the same gigantic part in both performances. And in that, we think, is the making of what may prove to be as pathetic a spectacle as that of the late Lloyd George, architect of victory in war, handmaiden of sectional vested interests when victory had been won.

Doing Nicely, Thank You

THERE IS NO MOANING at the Bar nowadays. The sought-after barristers are busy and are prospering accordingly—though for every successful one there are probably two lucky to receive £400 a year.

Pride of place in the money stakes is probably held by a man of whom the general public never hears. Mr. J. Millard Tucker, K.C., is said to have made more than £30,000 last year.

A newer K.C., who is likely to become a judge within a year, expects to make nearly as much before climbing on to the Bench.

Stop Income-Tax

WHO IS MR. TUCKER? He practises at the Revenue Bar, which is concerned with taxation affairs.

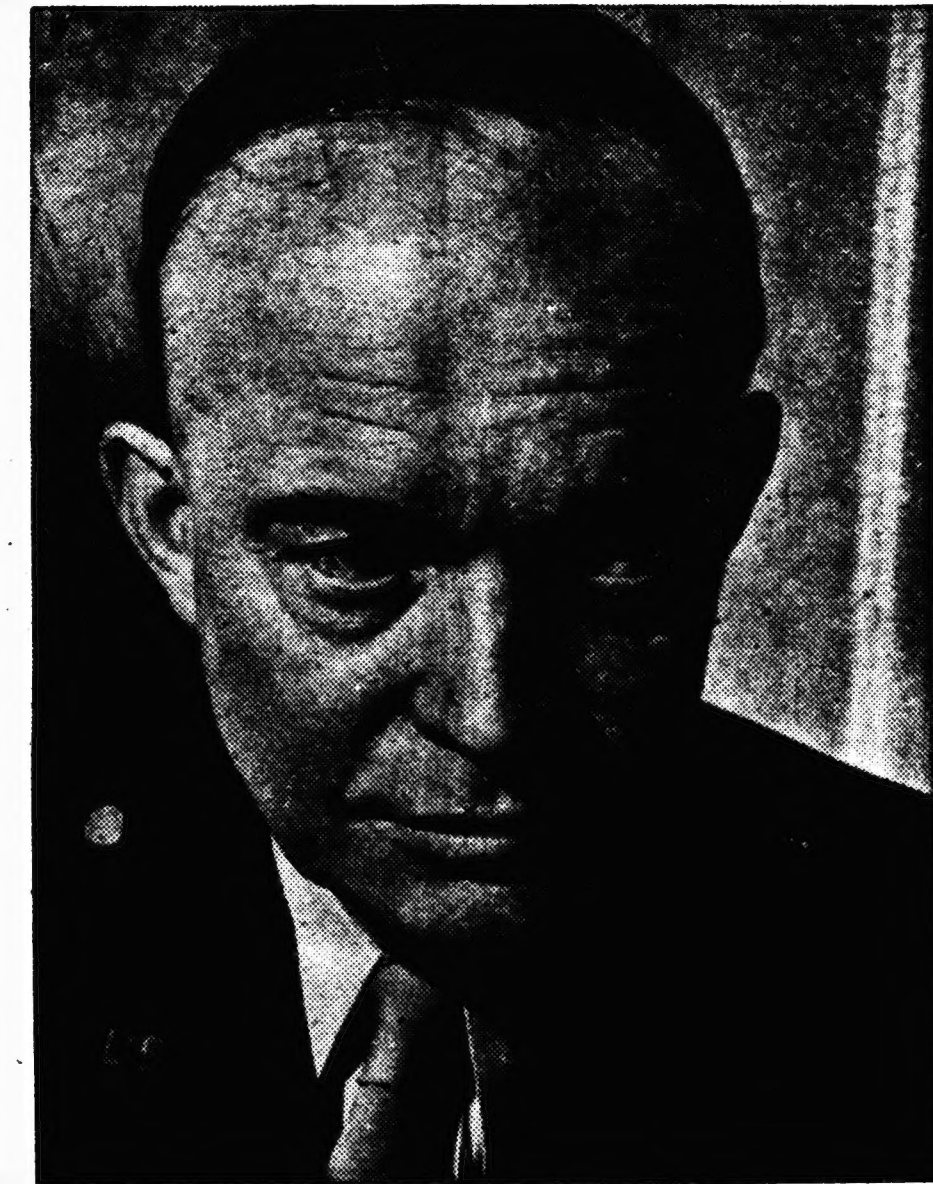
A Liberal National candidate at the last Election, he played old-time tunes on the piano at one club when he left. But he wasn't returned—even though he believes that income tax should be abolished and a tax on spending substituted.

That might be popular—and would certainly make Mr. Tucker's income all the more spectacular.

Two New Men

OPPOSING TUCKER in the courts the other day, was a man of forty-two, newly married, new K.C. and Knight, and new-appointed Solicitor-General, Frank Soskice.

Though an expert on hire pur-



Soon we may be seeing Gen. Eisenhower without his uniform. He is tipped as Secretary-General of the United Nations Organisation—and support for this appointment is growing fast

chase law, and for some time a member of Mr. Attlee's Brains Trust, he is little known even to lawyers. Barristers crowded in to see how he would stand up to Tucker. He not only kept his feet but fought with an incisive brain. The court was impressed.

In the same way, Hartley Shawcross, forty - three - year - old Attorney-General and prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials, has made a great impression. Recently he rose in the Commons, threw away the papers before him, and held M.P.s spellbound by an impromptu explanation of a law dating from 1707 (in Queen Anne's time).

Both, by virtue of their offices, can expect to make enormous incomes in the future.

Call-Up Muddle

WE DO NOT DISPUTE the fairness of calling-up at least some young and fit men, who have done no military service, to replace those who are coming back to "civvy street."

But Ministry of Labour George Isaacs must see to it that his Department acts with more care than it has in some recent cases.

One engineering plant we know received a call-up list of some scores of men from its tool-room. Had the plant not immediately appealed, and many of the men been deferred, hundreds would have been out of work. Other firms have already

been compelled to slow-down production for apparently indiscriminate call-ups. The Minister is right to promise more care in these matters.

Palestine Decision

THERE WILL BE an early statement from the Government about its future policy in Palestine. It is eagerly and anxiously awaited. Whatever that statement may be, fierce controversy will follow it.

So complex is this question, so difficult the issues involved, that a satisfactory solution for everybody is impossible. And when he rises to make his statement, Prime Minister Attlee will be fully aware of it.

Between the open door for Jewish refugees to enter Palestine, and the Arab demand for barring entrance, there is a wide and bitter gulf, about which blood seems certain to be shed.

Parties Divided

Neither Government nor Opposition benches are united in Palestine policy. Government supporters, including Dai Grenfell, Barbara Gould, E. Jahner and Alice Bacon are 100 per cent. supporters of vastly extended Jewish entry.

R. R. Stokes, M. P. Price, and others take the opposite viewpoint.

Vocal Conservatives, such as Earl Winterton, usually describe them-

"THE BEST BIRTHDAY
PRESENT I HAVE EVER
RECEIVED"

writes a 71-year-old Coventry reader in acknowledging cheque from JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance following a fire at her home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

selves as pro-Arab, but Party leaders Winston Churchill and Eden have strong sympathies with Jewish aspirations in Palestine.

Truman Trouble

The situation was not made easier by President Truman's support of the demand for immediate entry of 100,000 Jews into Palestine. Many of those backing this plea in Parliament deeply regretted the Truman intervention.

Now, it seems, the President has been advised to agree upon a joint Anglo-American policy regarding Palestine. Wisely so, though really the matter should be a world responsibility.

That comment must also be made of the President's speech on foreign affairs. Underlying its fine sentiments was an indication that the U.S.A. is prepared to ensure world peace by American bombs and bayonets. Can peace be guaranteed by a single nation—and by force alone.

A Phony Figure

AT LONG LAST we are promised action to revise the present phony procedure upon which the cost-of-living index figure is based. Ness Edwards, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, has told Parliament that as soon as possible the figure will be assessed on modern standards.

As it is, it is still based on 1914! When the original estimate was made, average working-class rents were well below 10s. Women wore black cotton stockings; beer and tobacco prices were negligible. All these factors made up that 1914 figure.

What amazes us is that through all the long years from 1914 onwards, successive Governments still continued to use facts and figures that had no real relationship to the spending needs of the people.

Not Forgetting the Old Folk

THE GOVERNMENT is bringing forward the date when its comprehensive social security schemes become law. By next September—less than a year from now—Britain will get the first benefits of a Bill making a landmark in the history of social reform.

Meantime, between now and then, the plight of the old folk remains. Arrangements have been made for special action this winter through the Assistance Boards to alleviate on a more generous scale the hardships of many of the aged.

The Parliamentary Labour Party has appointed a Committee of six who are going to confer with Ministers to see whether further improvements can be made.

Legislative Bottle-neck

Biggest Government headache is having so much to do in so little time. Themselves champions of the old age pensioners, Ministers have tried hard to find a way to improve pension standards without encroaching on the Parliamentary time-table by introducing new but temporary legislation.

Some Labour lawyers believe that this difficulty can be overcome. They are arguing that one short Bill would make all-round improvements possible.



LAST NUREMBERG RALLY.

Experienced Parliamentary draftsmen doubt it. To resolve this difference is one of the duties of the Committee of Six.

Angry Doctor Dunlop

IS THERE A REAL SHORTAGE of doctors? We should have thought it was self-evident. But no. A controversy in the medical Press has included letters from those who deny the doctor famine.

Swift and angry in reply is Dr. Gavin Dunlop, of Worksop. He

denies that it is possible to get satisfactory assistance. Since 1938, he declares, he had exactly three days holiday, and had to continue work even when he had been ill. We know other doctors with similar grim experiences of these war years.

Winter Comforts

Still in medical mood, we note that supplies of hot-water bottles are again on sale to the general public—but you must have a medical certificate to get one.

We, unfortunately, don't qualify.

BUILDER OF THE NEW BRITAIN

by HANNEN SWAFFER

Britain now relies on the building worker more than any other craftsman in the community.

Upon him depends the speed at which the homes in the New Britain will arise—homes to replace the falling slums, homes which must arise, phoenix-like, from the dead embers of the blitz.

No longer is he regarded as a kind of navvy and left unpaid, and therefore ill-fed, if rain or snow stopped his outdoor labours.

He gets half-wages for bad weather; even if it rains for a whole week, he is guaranteed pay for thirty-three hours.

Until recently he worked, or was idle, in a muddle. He was employed by any of 80,000 firms, large and small, run without efficient direction. He was often at the mercy of greed and price control.

Then and Now

In 1914 his wages was only 10d. an hour.

To-day, if he is a skilled man, he is



JOHN BULL TO-DAY (1)

guaranteed 2s. 3d. an hour for a forty-four hour week in London, and 2s. 2d. an hour in the country. If a labourer, he receives four-fifths of that.

No fewer than 450,000 builders like him served in the Forces. An extra 40,000 are to be trained by the Government every year until the army of skilled men is large enough for the biggest job in our history.

And very shortly we shall be running the nightly risk of having our much-battered specimen burst on us.

Apprentice Lord

BENIGN "BOB" MORRISON, M.P. for Tottenham North, has been subjected to much leg-pulling about his elevation to the peerage. This ex-schoolteacher veteran of Labour politics has endured it good humouredly.

He had to be persuaded to accept it. He prefers the House of Commons, where he is more powerful and useful behind the scenes than in the Parliamentary proceedings that catch the public eye.

As Chairman of the House of Commons Kitchen Committee, he has played a major part in carrying through the sweeping reforms of the last fortnight that have ended for all time the scandal of underpay and overwork of the House of Commons staff.

New Peers were Needed

The reason for the appointment of seven new peers was bluntly stated by the Government. They were needed so that public business could be carried on efficiently.

That is why the new peers were chosen for efficiency rather than the more conventional reasons. Now the Labour Group in the House of Lords will be thirty-two strong.

"No passengers for peerages. We want men who will work—and work hard," a Labour Minister told us. We agree. The House of Lords, no less than the Commons, has its part to play in building the New Britain.

Seats for Sons

The Government wants to try as far as possible to appoint peers without heirs. JOY BULL never liked the principle of hereditary membership in the House of Lords. There has been something of a forgivable lapse from this policy in the latest list.

There are 800 peers. Rarely do more than fifty attend debates. The average House of Lords debates, however, have an exceptionally high standard. The backwoodsmen only come in when some of their vested interests are affected.

The Government has let it be known that it will not tolerate obstruction from the Lords. It is quite right to make this plain. Those elected by the will of the people must prevail. It is the constituencies, not the coronets, who rightly decide the nation's future.

Parish Pump

MUNICIPAL ELECTION results will be found to underline the nation's General Election decision. Labour will gain substantially—as it expected to do.

But we regret the appalling gap that still exists between the percentage of electors who poll in Parliamentary contests, but refuse to exercise their local democratic rights.

It is fashionable in some circles to deride local politics—to lump municipal matters under the heading, "parish pump." Yet, in many matters, what is done in the local town hall or council chamber affects citizens even more quickly than doings round Westminster way.

Mind Your Own Business

Before the last war a collection of striking personalities, Sidney and

(Contd. on page 7)

Beatrice Webb, R. B. Suthers, G. B. Shaw and others, popularised local politics under the slogan, "Mind Your Own Business."

Suthers' book on local affairs with that title sold by the tens of thousands. The last revised edition of it was published in 1938 by the Fabian Society.

It's Your Council

"I'm not interested in local politics," says the citizen who ought to know better. Then she sends her children off to the municipal school, goes shopping on a municipal tram or bus, after a cup of tea made with the municipal water supply.

She rests for half an hour, reading a municipal library book, rings up the municipal hospital to inquire about a relative, cooks a meal on a municipal gas stove—and still thinks local politics don't concern her.

A baby is born with the help of the municipal midwife. That same baby in old age will probably be buried in a municipal cemetery! From cradle to grave there is no point in our lives that local government does not touch. We wish more citizens would realise this truth.

Clean Social Government

We of JOHN BULL probably know more about municipal racketeering than any layman could possibly find out.

The councillor who uses his position to steer contracts for his friends; the shark who uses his council position to keep his pals informed of planning moves so they can buy land and re-sell to the municipality at a good profit—we know this type.

Yet British local government is undoubtedly a model for the world. Graft and corruption are remarkable

for their absence. Councillors of all Parties are usually honest men and women. The black sheep are very few.

Safe Roads for All!

WITH THIS SLOGAN on its banners, the Pedestrians' Association is organising its already influential team of supporters for a bigger,



ANN TODD

has just signed a contract to appear in British films during the next seven years.

It is the biggest ever offered to an English actress, and may earn her £250,000. No doubt she will continue to command high payment for her stage work during that period.

Already JOHN BULL is receiving letters protesting that no actress—however gifted—can possibly deserve such enormous outlay in the austere years that lie ahead.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that by building up its own stars—instead of letting them be enticed to Hollywood—the British film industry may increase its earnings and thus help to restore our prosperity.

What do you think?

better effort to end the slaughter on British roads.

The 43,000 people killed and 678,000 injured on our roads during the war are the eloquent reason for the Association's continued existence.

From his Fleet Street office, T. C. Foley, the Association's secretary, circularises all M.P.s, sends them his "Quarterly News Letter," and is now hard at work gathering recruits for the Road Accidents Parliamentary Group.

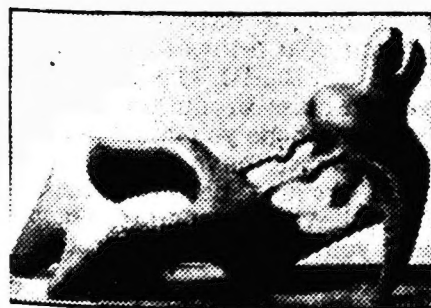
Better Design—Less Danger

The Association, among other things, wants better safety design for motor vehicles. All future cars, it declares, should have engines at the rear. It gives the driver a better view; it makes precautions against fire much easier.

An Association Committee member, H. Gardiner Lloyd, M.Inst.C.E., has been devoting himself to a safety design. He wants a special shock-absorbent frame, sliding doors, all door handles, lamps and other projections to be sunk into a streamlined casing covering the whole car.

The complete plans for the "non-menace motor car" have been placed before the Minister of War.

DON'T RUSH HOME



WHAT you see above is, whether you recognise it or not, a piece of sculpture. It is presumably intended to represent a nude lady, and is (again presumably) meant to entice you to stay at home.

For it is proudly displayed in the "Sculpture in the Home" Exhibition at Heal's, Tottenham Court Road, London, from which it will go on tour through the provinces.

The exhibition, arranged by the Artists' International Association, is intended to make modern sculpture popular in this country. Prices of the exhibition range from £5 to £210; such great artists as Epstein, Maillol and Bourdelle are represented, but there are also quite a few exhibits which might tempt ordinary mortals to stay away from home if such things were perched on the mantelpiece or piano.

Does the Arts Council, which makes a grant towards the expenses, really think this is the best way to spread the appreciation of art?

BRITAIN'S CHANCE TO LEAD THE WORLD

COUNT UP the almost countless dead of this war-weary world. Study the statistics of starvation from stricken Europe. Heed the chronicle of chaos from the less-known lands of the East. Look on all these gigantic tragedies afflicting the peoples of this planet.

Realise then that, evil as all this is, mankind in its folly is fooling with forces that once unloosed will send us hurtling back to a barbarism compared with which even this nightmare present will be regarded as a Golden Age.

Listen to His Majesty the King. Addressing students of the Imperial College of Science and Technology in London's Albert Hall last week he spoke grim words of warning to his audience—and to the world.

"The employment of atomic energy for the first time may well mark the beginning of a new era of scientific discovery," he declared. "The possibilities seem limitless—of vast material benefit to all mankind, on the one hand, or, on the other hand, of destruction on a scale hitherto undreamt of."

THAT, SIMPLY summed up, is the problem before the nations and the spokesmen of the nations. How are they facing it? When that one bomb blasted 75,000 souls—men, women and children—to eternity, what cobwebs in international thinking did it disturb? Scarcely any.

Incredible as it would be outside some fantastic lunatic asylum, Governments and governed are still obsessed by power politics with all its pathetic playing for place, all the wretched conventions of diplomatic poker.

President Truman, to be sure, offers to open talks on atomic power with Britain and Canada. But atomic bombs could be made by twelve countries, scientists say, and their use concerns the whole world.

Here is the last chance to safeguard the world's future.

We believe that such an opportunity of world-leadership

lies open to Britain's Government. We believe that an appeal to the common-sense and conscience of the peoples of the world and their leaders can and should be made by Britain's Prime Minister.

He should and could be the voice of sanity calling peoples and politicians to turn away from the superstitions of the past to the urgent needs of the present.

What should he say? He should declare that the weapons now or soon available to every nation make mockery of any conception of security through individual national strength. He should demand an end to the out-dated conception of international politics.

HE SHOULD, speaking for Britain, announce our readiness, our eagerness to place the atomic bomb in the hands of a World Security Council where all should have a voice.

This would be no empty gesture. For let the people of Britain think and think hard on this. By its very size and situation, more than any other great power, Britain is most vulnerable to atomic war.

Professor Oliphant, leader of the team of British scientists who helped to produce the atomic bomb, has put the position clearly before us. Britain would enter any future war with the certainty that a single bomb would destroy London.

There is no alternative. Either we take the lead now, or rest assured that when, as must happen five, ten, fifteen years from now, we come to World War III there will be no Dunkirks; there will be no long hard-fought battles leaving our nation victorious if exhausted at the end of it.

It will be extinction for us all.

That is the certain prospect. Certain—unless the minds of men can be turned away from madness to the sanity of realisation that in this world from now on the safety of one is the safety of all.

The Editor

WHAT THE YANKS CAN'T

UP TO THE SEVENTEENTH FLOOR of a big apartment block in New York City, swept the elevator (lift, to you) and we stepped out into a penthouse. It was the first I had seen.

The one to which I had been invited to a "typical American middle-class dinner" was a five-roomed apartment (bedroom, bathroom, dining-room, living-room, kitchen) rented by a charming couple whose income was probably equal to about £6 a week.

It was, I realised, a most untypical "typical American middle-class dinner." But my friends didn't usually do themselves so well. They wanted to make a fuss of their guests. But the point is that Americans can still eat on a scale which is fabulous even by British peace-time standards.

There have been occasional shortages, but none of the war-time hardships known to the people of Europe. And that is one of the basic reasons for the difficulty which many Americans have in understanding the European standpoint.

Now, don't make the mistake of believing that the people of America are hard, unsympathetic, greedy, and selfish. They're generous to a fault, most hospitable and completely understanding once they realise the position.

So many food parcels have been dispatched to Europe by private individuals who realise the plight of people here, that the delivery service is in a tangle and interminable delays occur.

The People Know Better

On the whole, I think it is right to say that an increasing number of American citizens is beginning to appreciate the truth about Europe's position, and public opinion is well ahead of Congress on the vital issue of United States' aid to the war-stricken nations.

There is, however, a great deal of muddled thinking among those who, for the first time in their lives, have been brought into contact with world affairs. They are now trying to grope their way towards international understanding.

They are undergoing a process of self-re-education and President Harry Truman is cleverly allowing the motive-force of United States foreign policy to spring from public opinion. That was exactly what Roosevelt did before America's entry into the war. He gave his political foes little chance of accusing him of leading the United States into the struggle against the will of the masses.

Almost without exception American newspapers deplored the abrupt ending of Lease-Lend, and criticised the Administration for it.

Since then, the view has gained wide acceptance that America must fulfil its international obligations, and the American people are now "conditioned" to a continuation of United States economic assistance during the transition years. In fact, they would be distressed and disappointed if Congress rejected the idea.

During my recent visit to New York, Washington, and Chicago, I met hundreds of forward-thinking Americans who said that, if Britain could not afford to buy essential food-stuffs and reconstruction materials from

America because of its lack of dollar currency, the United States should provide such aid as a gift.

That does not represent the average view, of course. It is merely an indication of the fact that more Americans are realising that the road to isolation is the road to ruin.

The man whose influence is having the greatest braking effect on the development of sound opinion in the United States is, curiously enough, the returned American soldier.

He has been reared, perhaps, on a Texas farm. He has lived in an isolated community. His knowledge of the world has been sketchy. And he has believed, from childhood, that

Anglo-American misunderstanding is even more dangerous than the atom-bomb at this moment of history. So Mr. Coulter visited the Americans, in their homes and places where they talk, to get the facts from the real American people. His plainly expressed report will help us all to cement our friendship with the "Yanks"



LEONARD COULTER, distinguished London journalist and Editor of "News Review," flew by Clipper to the United States on a six-week survey of American public opinion. He returned home on the *Queen Mary* to write his first-hand impressions exclusively for JOHN BULL.

America could be self-sufficient, because of its enormous resources.

Suddenly he has been thrown into the maelstrom, plucked from his childhood surroundings, drafted abroad to fight on foreign soil thousands of miles from home.

Now, having played his part, he feels America should get back to its own business and steer clear of entanglements with nations whose inferior standard of living he has seen, with his own eyes, for the first time with a horrible sense of shock.

Up on the penthouse that September evening, I met such a man—a young officer in the U.S. Army Medical Corps, just back from North Africa and Italy. He had come from a country of chaos to the land of plenty.

He hated the idea that the United States should involve itself deeply in European affairs, as though he half believed that, by such contact, America would itself become infected.

He side-stepped my argument that the United States could not prosper in a pauperised world, by saying that, before America helped other countries, she should first of all help herself by tackling the problem of the "poor South"; that is, that region populated largely by negroes who for years have man-

aged to eke out only a hand-to-mouth existence.

If America had resources to spare, he contended, they should go first of all to the "poor South." Charity should begin at home. The backward areas of the United States could keep the country's war-expanded industries busy and prosperous for years to come.

There Are Still Isolationists

Why should American industrialists be searching so avidly for foreign markets? He could not understand it. There was a huge, undeveloped market right here at home.

It was up to America to deal with that problem, just as it was up to Britain to tackle the disgraceful problem of India, with its undernourished millions. Why should the United States give economic assistance to Great Britain, while the people of India remained in a condition of extreme poverty and political subservience?

Why should America be expected to practice true internationalism while Britain sided with the Arab nationalists and closed Palestine to Jewish immigration?

Everyone knew, of course, that Britain must export or die. Britain's greatest mistake was in becoming too highly industrialised. If she had paid more attention to agriculture, she wouldn't have to import so much food.

Still, there it was. The mistake had been made. It was too late to have an Industrial Revolution in reverse. But what right has Britain to demand American aid in rebuilding its essential export trade while keeping Empire trade to itself by preferential tariffs which discriminated against American goods?

"Free trade? That's no solution. We don't want cheap goods dumped in the States any more than you do in Britain. What you need is a little more imagination in industry, so that you can reorganise your cotton mills (which were out of date before the war) modernise your coal mines (coal once formed 70 per cent. of all British exports), and introduce American mass-production systems.

"By such methods you could put refrigerators in every house, have central heating in your homes, produce better, cheaper cars. You wouldn't have to depend on exports if you'd satisfy your own people's needs."

Slick Reasoning

This is the sort of slick, fallacious reasoning which is common throughout America to men who, as a result of their overseas military service, have begun to think about world affairs and economics, and who are still incapable of taking an objective view.

They focus everything from the American standpoint, as is natural to people who are only in their political adolescence.

They forget that Britain's agriculture differs essentially from America's, because Britain has no sub-tropical districts. In the United States, when Maine, in the North, cannot produce fresh vegetables and fruits, Florida, in the South, can. And when Florida's season is over, California's comes in.

They don't realise that Britain's natural resources are not so rich or varied as America's, and that before mass production for the home market can be started, the basic raw materials must be imported and paid for. And lately a new argument has been used.

UNDERSTAND



I heard it, in the penthouse, from a young doctor: "You've got a Socialist Government in England now, and you can't expect America to finance its programme of nationalisation."

Make no mistake about this sense of American superiority. It is very strong in one section of the community, and especially in business circles. The President of one large organisation told me a few weeks ago (and these are his actual words):

"There are new and progressive methods and techniques in every country—new ways and means that are good—all of which should be exploited. But in the last analysis I think it is to be admitted that American mass-production methods, and the results achieved (low costs and high wages), are unique in the world and are admired and envied by all peoples in all classes, as is our way of life. They want what we have: I mean, the American way of life."

Other People's Ways

It is difficult for the American to understand that to the British, the British way of life, and to the French, the French way, and so on, seems best, and that differing economic circumstances make it difficult, if not impossible, for other countries to embrace an American-style economy.

Thus, on this tremendous and complex question of American participation in world economic rehabilitation, it can fairly be said:

(a) to-day more Americans than ever before are beginning to realise that America has a duty to the rest of the world;

(b) the majority are not fully convinced, however, that in assisting world recovery, America would attain greater prosperity;

(c) as happened after the last war, though on a minor scale in comparison, there is an epidemic of mild nationalism like that which led to America's withdrawal from the League of Nations.

Curiously, however, the inquiring visitor to the United States will often hear, as I did,

the remark that the British are not as badly off as they say, and that our diplomats are still, as they have always been, one jump ahead of the State Department in Washington.

Believe it or not, the impression is widespread that the Foreign Office can boast the world's fondest negotiators, who will always outsmart their American opposite numbers. Only in that sphere have the Americans any sense of inferiority, or of envy.

American admiration of British diplomatic skill is none the less giving the United States a considerable amount of comfort just now. Widespread is a feeling that, without close Anglo-American co-operation, Russia would "get away with murder."

Even the anti-British reactionaries, like the *Chicago Tribune's* Colonel Robert McCormick, are so frightened by Soviet Russia's emergence as a great world Power, that their abuse of British diplomacy has become less odiferous in the last few months.

The breakdown of the recent Council of Foreign Ministers has accentuated the feeling that, at any rate for the time being, Britain and America must work in full accord if political equilibrium is to be established and maintained throughout the world.

For that reason, above all others, the average American citizen is far more willing now than he was in 1919 to play his part in world affairs. He may not understand precisely his reasons; he does not blindly accept British arguments on trade and economics.

He does not altogether agree that world prosperity, like world peace, is indivisible. He cannot imagine why other nations are content to accept a standard of living lower than that which he enjoys.

But he is thinking about these things, long and earnestly. He is debating them fiercely. And what he thinks at the moment is less important than the fact that the "thinking American" has become more than a columnist's cliché.



Col. Robert McCormick, anti-British isolationist. His views don't suit the average American

These biting cartoons, printed in the "Chicago Tribune," are examples of poison dropped into the Anglo-American loving-cup

STARRING IN THE DOUBLE ROLE



Britain, pretending to be a beggar-nation, expects gifts at the U.S. taxpayer's expense

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S GOING TO HAVE TO PUSH



Professor Laski comes to beg American help for the "planned Socialist joy-ride" in Britain

OVER NIAGARA: HEADING FOR THE RAPIDS



Britain relaxes in calm "easy money" waters, threatened by the fight for foreign trade

OPEN LETTERS

The Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR "NYE" BEVAN,—Willenhall (Staffs) people were angry with the landlord of a block of flats. He insisted on a "No babies" rule. The local Council appealed to you. Your reply was swift and to the point.

"If necessary, requisition the flats, and rest assured I'll back you to the limit in your action," you said. That is the sort of talk I like; the sort of action I approve.

Since last Thursday there have been changes in our municipal life. But no matter which Party has power in the Council chambers, your job is to give them the policies and the means to carry them out.

But with your own intimate knowledge of local government you will know the necessity for cutting away the tangle of red tape that too often has interfered with the efficiency of local Councils in relation to your Ministry.

You stand pledged to a new relationship between Ministry and local councils. You have promised them the tools to get on with the job. You have emphasised that you want local councils to "Go to it!" I warmly support you.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. A. Palmer, J.P.,

General Secretary, Co-operative Union

DEAR MR. PALMER,—This is the last time I shall address you as "Mister."

One of the new peers, you were off to Poland when the announcement was made, seeing what help the Co-operative Movement can give in reconstruction.

During the war you visited Russia. You have seen at first hand the massive tasks that face mankind in Europe. That is why I regard your elevation to the peerage as a constructive and wise move.

You were a Co-operative Society Director at the age of twenty-one. Your father was a Socialist pioneer. You yourself got your Christian names "Robert Alexander" from Blatchford and Thompson—the men who made the *Clarion* most famous of all pioneer Socialist journals.

A unique combination of "big business man" and idealist, you are certain to play a worthy part in the councils of the nation.—JOHN BULL.

• HUMAN MACHINE • HUMAN MACHINE •

CUT OUT—AND KEEP

WHENEVER YOU ARE in need of guidance, these pearls of wisdom should help you. They should, at least, cause you to think.

"What is the meaning of knowledge? When you know a thing, to recognise that you know it, and when you do not, to know that you do not know—that is knowledge."

"To see the right and not do it is cowardice."

"The wise man in his attitude towards the world has neither predilections nor prejudices. He is on the side of what is right."

"The self-restrained seldom err."

"Do not be in a hurry; do not be intent on minor advantages. When one is in a hurry, nothing is thorough; and when one is intent on minor advantages, nothing great is accomplished."

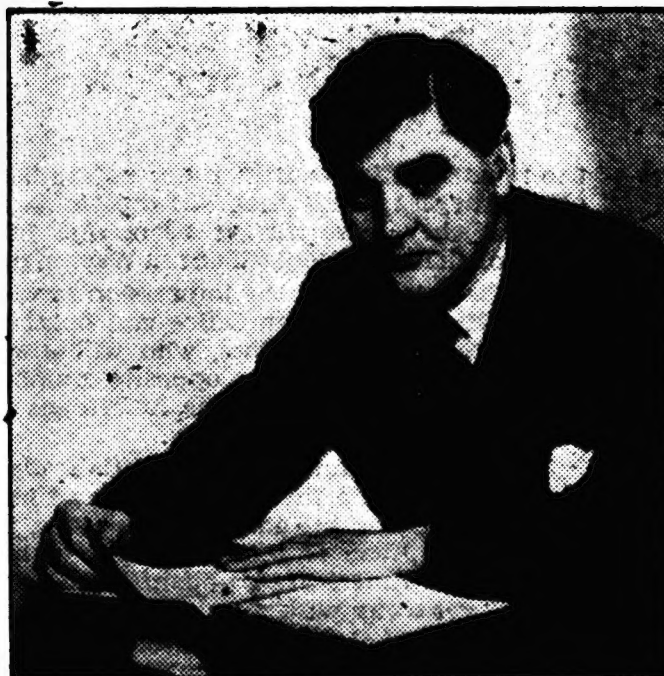
"He who demands much from himself and little from others will avoid resentment."

"It is only the very wisest and the very stupidest who never change."

And here is a remark that we can all ponder and take to heart: "I have never yet seen a man who could perceive his own faults and bring the charge home against himself!"

Is not this the Key to Conduct—as we have been elsewhere reminded? "Do not do to others what you would not like yourself." This wisdom is nearly 3,000 years old. It comes from Confucius. It is unbeatable to-day.

• HUMAN MACHINE • HUMAN MACHINE •



"I'll back you to the limit," says Nye Bevan

Mr. Philip Callanan,

Liverpool Dockers' Strike Committee

DEAR MR. CALLANAN,—I note your assurance that the dockers had "no intention of creating chaos throughout the country." I agree with you that dockers are sensible citizens anxious to do their best for the nation.

But there can be no doubt about it that they acted wrongly in striking. Now I urge you and your colleagues who were strike-leaders to settle down to the task within your trade unions of making them one hundred per cent. efficient; of bringing into your trade union branch meetings the energy and drive you and others devoted to the strike.

Your trade union leaders have made it plain that they exist solely to serve your interests. Your attention to your local branch organisation can guide and help them to help you.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Louis Mountbatten,

President, King George's Fund for Sailors

DEAR LORD LOUIS,—The National Union of Seamen through its General Secretary, Charles Jarman, has issued an appeal asking the public to concentrate their goodwill for seamen through the Fund, of which you are president. I agree with Charles Jarman. I support his appeal.

But is there any reason why you, and officers of other great established national charities, should not get together to persuade the Government that the time for simplification of all Service charities is overdue?

There are dozens of them. Most are run by honest people. Some are not. An approved charity list would save everybody's time and many people's money. As things stand, charity is too often the disguise of the crook.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Donald Byford,

National Hosiery Manufacturers' Federation

DEAR MR. BYFORD,—The nation wants to pull its socks up. Yours was the sad task of saying "No. Not yet." As chairman of the Men's Half-Hose Committee of your Federation, you have to tell us the grim news that for the time being licences to manufacture long socks will only be granted for export purposes.

With my own pathetic abbreviated specimens drooping drearily over my shoes—I've tried all the patent "short sock" suspenders without success—I still bear you no ill-will.

Indeed, I sympathise with you. If there is any justice in this world it is only fair that when the long-awaited long sock era returns again, you should be the one to announce the joyful news. For you are a fellow-sufferer—a martyr to your own edicts—a walking example of man's grimmest post-war reconstruction sacrifices.—JOHN BULL.

Argument

ARE BUILDING
SOCIETIES
NECESSARY?

no

1. Building societies do not build, they lend. They are pawnbrokers, taking houses as security.

2. Refusal of private enterprise to rent houses drove the poor man to the building societies. They have steadily exploited him.

3. Their interest rates are higher than appears, since various charges are added. These brought the rate to over six per cent. before the war.

4. By means of the "Builders' Pool," societies have frequently advanced 95 per cent. on a £1,000 jerry-built house, and then have charged £1,700 for it, over twenty years.

5. The failure of the societies to consider house quality has been admitted by their own committee, which urged "greater care."

6. Their present interest rate is four per cent., plus charges. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health, states that two and a half per cent. is the utmost interest charge housing should carry.

7. Building societies are simply one more capitalist device for riveting excessive interest costs on those least able to pay them.

yes

1. The building society enables the low-income family to become house-owners at a cost little if anything higher than rent.

2. Total building society funds in Great Britain were: in 1913, £85,000,000; in 1930, £370,000,000; and in 1939, £770,000,000—proof of sound administration.

3. The societies always treat borrowers considerately. Rebates are often paid to members when interest rates fall.

4. In hundreds of thousands of cases generous concessions have been made to borrowers prevented by war circumstances from continuing repayments.

5. The societies have always charged the lowest interest rates compatible with a fair return for their depositors and shareholders.

6. If lower rates were practical, why did not competitors offer them? The societies had no monopoly of housing loans.

The "Capitalists" behind the Societies are all small investors. Shareholdings are strictly rationed: average holding is only £250.



SID FIELD, TOMMY TRINDER, VIC OLIVER. . . . Which of these three star comedians will, at the Variety Command Performance next Monday, create most laughter in the Royal box? All eyes, on these occasions, are fixed on the King.

All three artistes have become first-rank top-liners since the last show took place seven years ago. All three are making their debut at a Command. Each is an individualist in style.

This will be the hour of their acid test. Perhaps a stop-watch that timed the laughter would decide which was the most successful.

At the first Command, in 1907, it was George Robey who, with his Mayor of Muckendyke drolleries, made Queen Mary almost hysterical. When he came to the bath-plug joke, she nearly collapsed. And, at first, the organisers had been nervous about including him—they did not dare to chance Marie Lloyd—in case he was two risqué!

As both of the Princesses will be present this year—before, they were thought too young—the organisers planned to make it a Laughter Show.

They chose from the comics who have appeared before: Will Hay in one of his school-master sketches, Douglas Wakefield and his two naughty boy assistants, and Wilson, Keppel and Betty, who do a burlesque Egyptian dance. The "Betty," though, is the daughter of the one who was in the act before. The mother is now known as Betty Knox, the war correspondent.

Fourth Generation on the Halls

Then searching around for comedy, they selected a newcomer in the programmes in George Doonan, a comic who was in "Casey's Court" with Charlie Chaplin in 1906, and whose daughter is now the fourth generation of his family to go on the halls.

His father was J. P. Doonan, the Irish comedian, and his mother was Georgina Leonard. His grandfather, George Buxton, was a "swell" of the George Leybourne type, and his grandmother, Anna Wynne, appeared in diorama.

But it is Trinder, Oliver and Field whom expert eyes will watch most closely. Some artists give of their best on a great occasion. Some, despite long experience, are nervous.

"So this is the man who married Churchill's daughter" will naturally be in the minds of the King and Queen when Vic Oliver, his violin and his very tall stooge come on the stage.

Vic Oliver, a Viennese who became an American citizen, was engaged by Cochran, after he had made his London debut at the Palladium, for "Follow the Sun." In that revue, Sarah Churchill was a chorus girl. Her mother sat in the stalls. Her father, not over-interested in a daughter's stage ambitions, preferred his seat in the House of Commons.

"One of the Company"

Well, during the revue's run, Vic and Sarah became friends. "The others looked on her as Churchill's daughter," explained Vic. "I treated her as one of the company."

When the show ended, Sarah followed Vic to America against the wish of her parents. Young Randolph followed her, to argue. But she married Vic, with her family's grudging approval. By so doing she became "Mrs. Victor Samek." A few weeks ago the marriage was dissolved on the ground of Sarah's desertion—"because we are both self-willed people who wanted our own ways," said the husband.

Vic Oliver, although trained as a classical pianist and conductor, is a master of jest that sometimes verges on suggestiveness. Dressed smartly on the stage, he makes a mock of his love of applause. You would not think him to be what he is—a man of culture.

He had the audacity, when he was the son-in-law of a Premier at the zenith of power, to joke about the relationship.

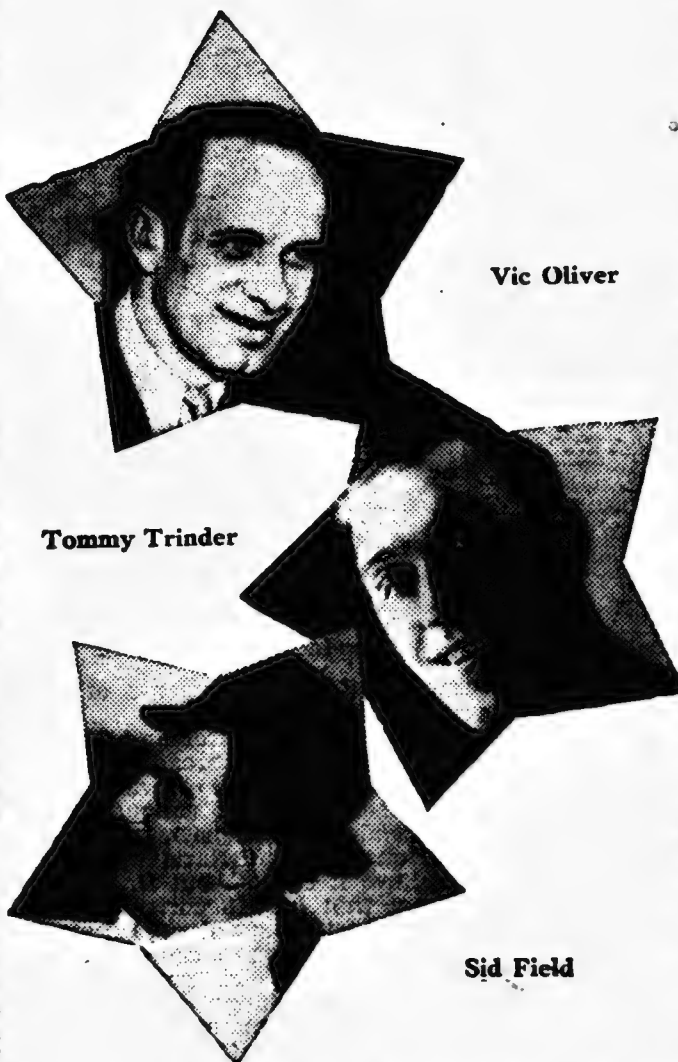
On the night of his boldest challenge to an obstinate, if small, opposition, I saw Winston look in at the Savoy restaurant, give the V-sign and court applause. He did not know that his daughter's husband, as a paid comic in that room an hour before, had protested, when the laughter was not loud enough, "I shall demand a vote of confidence!"

"I only wish I had the faculty for speech

NEW BIG THREE OF VARIETY

By Hannen Swaffer

Their acid test will be the Royal Command Performance—highlight of the entertainment year in pre-war days, to be revived next Monday



Vic Oliver

Tommy Trinder

Sid Field

"Which of these three star comedians will create most laughter in the Royal Box?"

as my beloved father-in-law," said Vic to the Overseas Club. "But, of course, he is not as funny as I am."

Anyway, he was then earning £350 a week, or £150 more than the salary paid to the Prime Minister. To-day, Vic's war-time salary is perhaps doubled.

Tommy Trinder is even more cheeky. Although a natural comic who is as funny off the stage as he is on, and a cracker of impromptu gags, he made his name by unadulterated swank.

"One day you'll see my name in the big lights," he would tell audiences when, found by Jack Hylton in a Follies show at Brighton, he was sent on tour.

"You needn't buy programmes," he told members of the audience who were doing so. "Trinder's the name! You'll hear it again."

He dressed the conductor in a jersey on which the whole house could read "Trinder" in big letters.

"You Lucky People"

Even when he was a West End star, he advertised on the hoardings—"To dodge income tax," said rivals—"If it's laughter you're after, Trinder's the name."

"You lucky people," he shouted at the audience, meaning that they were lucky to see him.

When in Italy, he didn't dare to shout it to the troops. So they shouted it at him.

If someone in front laughs, Tommy gives him a photograph of himself. If he stops, he takes it back. He did this even at Windsor Castle! Will he dare to offer one to the King next Monday?

Tommy is what is called "a human being." Because he was born poor and had to go on the stage as a boy—7s. 6d. for three songs in working-men's clubs—to help the family, he spoke for Labour candidates a few months ago, risking the wrath of Palladium managers who said that comics shouldn't interfere in politics.

He laughed—"If I'm breaking my contract, does it mean I needn't appear to-morrow?" After all, he has proved his abilities as a film artist. He could star himself in musical comedy.

Sid Field, on the boards, isn't like Tommy. He is a master of restraint. Although he started, as a boy in Birmingham, by imitating Charlie Chaplin in the streets, it was as an accomplished actor in sketches that he won his way up.

Practical Joker

In private life he is a practical joker who, to persuade an advancing policeman that he was drunk, has taken his boots off while sitting on the kerb—and then suddenly walked away, very soberly. And at a big billiards match he has upset the players by posing as a yokel with a complete ignorance of the game and talking loudly just before a stroke.

But on the stage he is coldly poised—brilliantly studied, perfect at timing his apparent nonchalance.

An old contract bound him to provincial tours for years.

"If only Sid came to the West End," wise show-folk said, "he'd make a name in a night."

Sid, in a lawsuit, was freed from the contract.

George Black immediately starred him, at the Prince of Wales, in *Strike a New Note*.

Sid struck it. He was at last famous.

That was not much more than two years ago. But his reputation so quickly spread that it was his show that Eisenhower chose to visit on the night he returned to London after V-Day.

Most comics, if telling me how "Ike" had been round to the dressing-room to have a drink, would have talked of how they "knocked him silly" with a joke. Sid merely said: "I was deeply honoured. He is a fine man, without a particle of side."

Nothing changes Sid Field. His rise from being a child performer to an honoured position on the stage—he made his West End reputation in a night—was the result of hard work and intense study. I respect him as an artist and as a man.

Well, those three are the plums in the dainty dish that will be set before the King.

Which will prove the juiciest?

WAR DECLARED—ON

TO MAKE WAR ILLEGAL, a criminal offence against international law, is the first step towards making war impossible. The next step is to prove to the world that this contention is correct.

This is exactly what is happening at Nuremberg. A group of men who have deliberately set out to use war as a means for personal and national profit and aggrandisement is facing international justice.

Have we the right to try a "foreign government" for a crime which has not hitherto been defined in law?

If law had been regarded as the expression of a universally accepted moral code a quarter of a century ago the result would have been to "Hang the Kaiser," as Lloyd George and the people of this country demanded.

The Versailles Treaty made provision for it. But it was never implemented, and the famous paragraph indicting the Kaiser was forgotten.

This time a similar and justified popular demand that the originators of the war should be brought to trial finds fulfilment.

Unprovoked aggression on a national scale is, for the first time in history, being treated as if you or I were to attack a fellow-man in the street. Is there anyone whose notion of justice would quarrel with this?

As long as the prosecution proves it: impressive case, there can be little doubt about the rights of the civilised world to sit in judgment over their criminally erring fellows. But the result at which we are aiming will only be achieved if the indictment is proved.

What does the indictment say and what answers will the accused Nazis be able to produce?

The gist of the document which they are studying now is that they have conspired to wage war on humanity; that the purpose of their conspiracy was personal and national aggrandisement, without consideration of the fate of foreign peoples.

Conspiracy in the Future

If the judges find the case proved this indictment will at once become a threat to all who combine in a similar conspiracy in future. It will—and this is the outstanding effect—make war illegal for the first time in history.

Apart from purely legal aspects it was, indeed, not difficult to draw up the charges. Over a period of more than fifteen years the Nazi leaders, the twenty-four men indicted in the first place, have plotted to seize power in Germany in order to realise their dreams of world domination.

And so this common purpose united the twenty-four accused, and each of them has contributed to the crime in his own sphere and in a different fashion.

That is why the general indictment branches out into individual charges which every one of the Nazi leaders must answer. Three men, quite logically, will be the first to be called to the bar. No—not Goering, not Hess, not Ribbentrop!

The choice of the first three clearly indicates the deep thought underlying the indictment. Dr. Ernst Kaltenbrunner, Baldur von Schirach, and Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart controlled the organisations, initiated the moves which inevitably led to war, were meant to aid the progress of the war once it had started.

Dr. Kaltenbrunner, the hard-faced Austrian lawyer, stands accused as the Chief of the "Security Service," which includes the better-known, notorious Gestapo. By suppressing opposition at home, by establishing a ruthless dictatorship, the Gestapo has directly worked for war.

Baldur von Schirach's task was not less important; as leader of the Hitler Youth he was responsible for instilling the Nazi spirit of aggression, the conviction of superiority over other nations, into Germany's boys and girls, who were

Let us be quite clear about the War Trials which are opening soon. They are not a mere act of revenge, but something much bigger. They represent the first real effort in history to outlaw war—to make mass-murder as punishable an offence as individual killings. They are an essential step to World Peace



The beginning of the crime. German troops occupy Warsaw, train guns on the city's buildings, kill civilians. Mass murder is let loose over Europe. The end of the crime? The Nuremberg trials write the last chapter.



later to be mobilised as instruments of Nazi aggression.

Seyss-Inquart, first Nazi traitor and quisling, is the model of the "German abroad," who sold his country—Austria—to Hitler, providing him with a strategic base for further conquests.

We know already from reports about the initial interrogations of these Nazis what their reply will be; believe it or not—but Dr. Kaltenbrunner will claim that his "Security Service," even the Gestapo, was a "social organisation" designed to protect the German people, to help and to guide them for their own benefit.

It is perhaps no accident that General Franco has only recently explained his Falange Movement in the same terms; that the members of the Gestapo's Japanese counterpart, the Kempeitai, make identical claims for themselves. As

in the case of aggression, the Nazis have long prepared their moral justification. I doubt whether it will be accepted.

Baldur von Schirach's line of defence runs exactly parallel to that of Kaltenbrunner; what Kaltenbrunner has done to grown-ups, he will insist, he did for his "boys." We know now what his guidance to youth has produced.

Seyss-Inquart, of course, was motivated by nothing but the welfare of his Austrian compatriots, who, he says, were so much happier as members of the big German family.

Though the order in which the rest of the Nazis will be tried has not been announced yet, the indictment suggests the mode of procedure. With intrigues all over the world, the "Ribbentrop Bureau," which grew into the Nazi Foreign Office, fostered the plans for war. With finan-

WAR!

cial machinations at home and abroad. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, the "wizard," provided the necessary funds for the programme. Ribbentrop and Schacht, then, are next on the list.

Both have already "protested" against being charged as war criminals.

Ribbentrop has already indicated that he will attempt political blackmail, from which he hopes to save his skin. His idea is to involve, if he can, prominent foreign personalities, British, French, American, even Russians, who, he says, have "collaborated" with him and can testify to his peaceful intentions.

But Ribbentrop is likely to be disappointed.

Justice Jackson, for instance, the American prosecutor, has told me that he and his colleagues are perfectly prepared to meet such an insidious attempt to shift the blame and to embarrass Allied politicians.

"We are not going to Nuremberg," he said, "to try any of our Allies. We shall try the men in the dock—and nobody else. And any attempt to turn the tables on us will be firmly met."

Indeed, there is no danger that the Nuremberg trial will follow the Laval trial fiasco.

Rosenberg, the Nazi philosopher; Strelcher, the Jew-baiter; Saukel, the Labour boss, will not be enabled to put up elaborate spiritual defences. They will be faced with what they said and what they wrote.

Unless they can disprove that they said the things the prosecution claims they have, unless they can prove they have not done what the indictment enumerates—they will be found guilty and punished.

On a much higher scale, the same is true of Goering, Hess, Frick and Funk—a bunch of original Nazis who find themselves confronted with the whole scale of crimes that makes up Nazism.

The indictment sets out how they were aided by men like Krupp, the arms manufacturer; Papen, the diplomat and espionage expert; Fritzsche, the propagandist; and the military and naval chiefs, who are among the first lot: Keitel, Commander-in-Chief and virtual Minister of War; Raeder, Grand-Admiral; Jodl, Hitler's personal Chief of Staff and closest adviser; Doenitz, both U-boat Chief and successor of Raeder.

Whole Gang Brought to Justice

Individual violations of the acknowledged rules of war will play little part in this grand indictment. The emphasis is on "Conspiracy." This is a legal practice adopted from the Americans, who bring a whole gang to justice. If the charge is proved, every member of the gang is considered guilty. The judges then assess the gravity of the individual contribution to the crime, and determine the sentence accordingly.

This is what will happen in Nuremberg. It will not be a long trial like Belsen. There'll be no loophole for the accused to "withdraw."

At Nuremberg, however, the accused are eager to speak. Many of them compiled thousands of words of defence speeches even before they saw the indictment and knew the actual charges.

They will get a fair hearing. They will have their say.

The Nazi war-criminals, indeed, will feel the impact of the united purpose of the great Allied Powers. In war, a variety of nations submerged their individualities to achieve victory. So they combine to secure peace by making war illegal.

It was not easy. There are vast differences in legal procedure, even in the definition of crime. But these differences have been ironed out; the difficulties have been overcome. A perfect example of international co-operation has been set. If agreement can be reached in the complicated sphere of international law, why can't the Big Powers get together in the same spirit?

Suspicion, doubt and distrust were caused by the delay in bringing the war criminals to justice. But this is now giving way to mutual respect, understanding and harmony. And these attitudes alone can secure the future peace of the world.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.



HEROES WITHOUT HOMES

They fought for homes—but where are the homes? These human stories are typical of the dire plight of thousands

UNTIL THE OTHER DAY I thought myself a victim of the housing shortage. Threatened with the loss of my present home, I had spent many weary months striving to find alternative accommodation.

I came up against all sorts of difficulties and soon began to lose patience. I have not solved my own problem yet, but I no longer grumble about it.

You see, quite by chance, I heard of the plight of an ex-Serviceman. Someone who had returned after years of hardship and ordeal and fighting to find that there was nowhere in the country he had saved where he could make a home. His claims were so overwhelmingly superior to my own that I felt chastened.

Fruitless Quest

I found that this man was far from being alone. His case could be matched by others equally poignant.

Many of the men were released from the Services early this summer. You can imagine the high hopes that were theirs when they first gained their freedom.

They began by spending their fifty-six days' demobilisation leave in Y.M.C.A. Service Hostels or similar places. They put all their energies into the task of home-seeking, going out daily in quest of rooms. In most cases that quest has proved fruitless.

The secretary of one big Y.M.C.A. hostel in Central London sums up the situation as follows:—

"We are really only supposed to have Servicemen for twenty-one days at the most. But the position is becoming so bad that I am rebooking them again until their fifty-six days' leave is up in order that they can look round for accommodation."

This same secretary told me about

a man who had been out of the Army since June 18. A veteran of the first world war, he volunteered for service in the second war, too. He has been staying at a Soldiers' Home, but still can find nowhere to live.

London is full of people like him, but it is necessary to go well outside the Metropolitan area to get a true perspective on the problem.

In Oxford, for example, there are something like 5,000 applicants for homes. Perhaps 600 will be successful in the next two years.

Nor is this solely a Service problem. The population of this town has almost doubled since 1939, and many of those evacuated there do not propose to return to London. Some cannot.

By the end of this year about 750,000 men and women will have been discharged from the Services. Some will have homes to go to. A great many will not.

All that one returned soldier has been able to find for his wife, his son and four daughters is two small rooms and an attic at the top of a five-storey house. And he won't be able to live there for long, because he has been warned by his local council that he may have to leave soon because of the overcrowding.

Living in a Single Room

To add to his troubles he has been injured at work and the only child who might be a possible breadwinner is sick. How can he hunt for alternative accommodation?

Another newly discharged Serviceman is living with his wife and four young children in a single room, with use of kitchen. When he sought aid recently he was told that ex-Servicemen come about third on the council's list of priorities.

A soldier discharged not so very long ago is living in a single room

He's demobbed—and happy. He's going home to Catford, London. But thousands of other like him will not be able to find homes

with his wife and two children. A third child is expected. His local council can do nothing for him.

The wife of a Serviceman, living with her four children in two small rooms, kept telling them that their father would do something about it when he came home on leave. And so he did.

He actually found an empty house. But he was told by the authorities that he could not take it over as it was in another borough. He has now gone back to Germany. When he is discharged later this year he will have to start hunting all over again.

Financial Difficulties

One aspect of this evil which is often overlooked is the fact that months of fruitless searching can bring a struggling family into serious financial difficulties. The wife of one Serviceman has spent £12 in fares alone over a period of just two weeks.

These cases come from an area which has 3,000 families on the waiting list for houses.

A man who was released this summer after serving in the Middle East is living in three rooms with his wife and seven children. The overcrowding is such that beds have to be dismantled before the rooms can be properly cleaned.

Five other families are in the same house—thirty people in all. There is one lavatory.

The British Legion is inundated with requests from members for assistance.

In Liverpool, I learn, at least thirty applicants a day file into the Legion's Lime Street offices with requests for help in finding homes. Most of them are serving men on leave with their wives.

10,000 on the List

Bristol tells much the same story, but with 10,000 people already on the waiting list for houses in that area, what can be done?

As demobilisation proceeds, the position, bad everywhere, is going to be greatly aggravated. Servicemen do not expect or desire to be treated as a privileged class.

All they ask is that their claims be given more serious consideration than appears to be general at the moment. Indeed, complaints have been received that lesser officials in council offices are often far from helpful. Some are even curt and unsympathetic.

Against this, we have areas like Wolverhampton, where the problem is recognised and where the authorities have promised that 75 per cent. of new houses will be available for ex-Service families. The term ex-Service naturally applies to all who have served their country in any capacity throughout the war and is not confined to the Fighting Services.

A similar breadth of vision should be general among local authorities throughout the country. It is not enough to regard the housing problem as the cold, impersonal matter of providing so much bricks and mortar.

We want homes and more than a touch of humanity unless the tragedies touched on in this article are to be repeated a thousandfold.

GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON.

FREE SPEECH

Ten Sergeants Tell the Dockers

Cannot afford another child. Suet pudding without suet. Six would-be clerks. Gossip spoils romance. Builders—but in India. Clubs for not-so-youthful. Losing a Loved One.

WE WOULD LIKE to thank all those loyal and patriotic citizens and workers for the fervour with which they are attacking the job of setting Britain's peace-time house in order.

We are gratified by the example of a few thousand dockers who, gasping for breath after straining for so long at such low rates of pay, went on strike for a five-day week at 25s. a day. We bow humbly before their example and regret that we cannot do the same.

We were also much impressed by the vain appeal for volunteers to unload the butter, bacon and eggs which lay at Hull docks. It is comforting to think the days of plenty are so soon with us.

We cannot fully express how things like this inspire us out here and how proud we are to call the strikers comrades and countrymen. How much they are doing to hasten real peace. —TEN SERGEANTS, B.T.A., C.M.F. (names and address enclosed).

*This attitude to the strikers is completely typical of other "Free Speech" correspondence. Not one has put the case for the strikers. JOHN BULL's view is that, irrespective of the merits of the men's case, no strike is justified until all the usual methods of conciliation and arbitration have been tried and have failed. —EDITOR.

Furniture Share-Out

BECAUSE OF THE FURNITURE shortage many young people cannot get their own homes together. Yet thousands of married couples all over the country have three times as much furniture as they really need.

If long-married people would only sell at a reasonable price the furniture they cram into the front parlour everyone could have a nice home.—MRS. LILIAN G. HEMPEL, 1, Kensington Court Gardens, W.8.

One Child: the Reason

MY OWN CASE is typical of many and should explain once and for all why the birth-rate is falling. I have been married for two years and have one child—a fine boy. My wife and I both long for another child, but we shall never have one.

We simply cannot afford it on a weekly wage of £4 4s. We all want healthy, happy children, and my son will have the best we can give him but no more. —NOEL CHARLES BROWN, 184a, Kensington Park Road, W.11.

Puzzle Corner

I WORK FOR A FIRM with a large number of food shops. When shredded suet was put on the ration, sales practically stopped and stocks began to pile up in the shops and warehouses. Women will not sacrifice the fats ration for suet.

The Ministry of Food must know all about this, yet the other morning the B.B.C. broadcast instructions on how to make a suet pudding without suet. —J. A. E., Cosham, Portsmouth.

A Little Learning

I'VE JUST HAD TO GIVE an elementary education test to six young people—average age sixteen. They were applying for a junior clerk's position. I asked them to make some elementary additions in square feet and cubic feet. Four of the candidates protested that they had been taught nothing about

such matters at school. The other two tried but were hopelessly wrong. Asked to spell the words "paraffin" and "parallel," five failed.—R. Y., Middlesbrough.

Dangerous Talk Again

IN EVERY SMALL TOWN everybody knows your business better than you do yourself. I am in love with a charming girl, but the talk of the town is that I spend more time with "a girl I'll never marry" than I do with my own mother. This has caused a lot of worry at home. —P. R. J., Gloucestershire.

Northern Lights

OXFORD STREET, London, has been hideous this summer. Hordes of gaping creatures from the country have been up bomb-damage sightseeing and have inevitably ended up among the Oxford Street stores.

What a lot they are! Making my



"They poke you with umbrellas"

perilous way to lunch each day through the mobs of countryfolk, I have got really bitter. They poke you with umbrellas, knock you about in dashing across the street—and then ask you the way in a barely comprehensible accent.—PENELOPE WILLIAMS, Chelsea, S.W.3.

Cooks in Training

IN A LETTER MRS. E. W., of Nottinghamshire, criticises cookery classes (JOHN BULL, October 6). My daughter went to the Central School for Girls in Mitcham, and learned how to make the best use of every scrap of food. We used to look forward to her cookery day, as there was always something nice brought

home.—MRS. S. G. ANDREWS, 44, Steers Mead, Mitcham, Surrey.

*There's been no support for Mrs. E. W.'s criticism. Scores of readers have written like Mrs. Andrews—with unqualified appreciation of the cookery schools.—EDITOR.

Question of Fitness

HOW CAN DOCTORS pass men fit for work under the following conditions? One miner on compensation has passed "fit for light filling." Another has been told that he can fill coals if he wears dark glasses. He suffers from nystagmus. I am wondering if I could play for the Arsenal if I had a wooden leg.—J. G. H., Northumberland.

Child-Thief Repents

A SCHOOLMASTER FRIEND tells me of a boy, aged ten, who stole his pen. The child's father tried unsuccessfully to get a confession. My friend, who is something of a psychologist, took the boy aside and offered him a pencil to go with the pen.

The boy immediately owned up and returned the pen. Without attempting to draw conclusions, one must see that sympathy is essential in tackling child delinquency. In case the school may be identified, do not publish my address.—G. D., Sheffield.

Box and Cox

THE ARMY has recently claimed three employees from a builder friend of mine. They are, respectively, plumber, joiner, and bricklayer. The three are now out in India.

Meanwhile, Italian prisoners work the farms and breweries and our own Servicemen polish their buttons and relearn the job of saluting.—J. P. CUNLIFFE, The Cottage, Shobnall, Burton-on-Trent.

And So to Bed?

HERE I AM with five pyjama coats and only one pair of pyjama trousers. Spend precious coupons—or go to bed



"Pretty cold prospect"

with naked lower limbs? Pretty cold prospect for the winter, isn't it?

And what happens if there is a fire—I mean the kind they fetch the engines to?—WILLIAM TAYLOR, 99, Greencroft Gardens, N.W.6.

"What's All This About?"

THIS IS NOT A FAIRY STORY. One of our mess-mates, due to be demobbed next month, was summoned to the Drafting Office for what he thought was the final check-up before release.

Imagine his surprise when he was asked to explain the "age-and-length-of-service" scheme. The Drafting Officer wanted to know.—EIGHT MYSTICUS MATELOTS, Rangoon, Burma. (Address enclosed.)

Comfort in Death

MRS. J. A., of Rochdale, writes that she feels agonisingly that there can be no life after death (JOHN BULL, October 13). I can understand her pain.

I came face-to-face with death in my family just over a year ago when I lost my brother. I had been brought up to have faith, but still felt the terror of not knowing. I overcame it by confiding in my husband.

It is half the battle if you can talk to someone. Now I think that prayer to God, who has said there is an after-life, is the solution.—MRS. A. REID, 25, Hornbeam, Grove, Chingford, E.4.

Too Old at Twenty-three

A FRIEND WAS telling me of the interesting things they do at their Youth Club—leather-work classes attracted me particularly. Just the thing for the winter evenings, I thought, and asked for particulars. But I was too old to join at twenty-three. I'm out of it. Why cannot we have clubs for people of my age?—MARJORIE BENNETT, 1, The Square, Cundy Cross, Barnsley, Yorks.

G.I. Jane is Happy

I AM ONE OF THE G.I. brides about whom the papers have been printing so much. I am as anxious to join my Joe and his people as any wife can be who dearly loves her husband. But I think all this publicity is ridiculous.

I consider I am very lucky to be able to look forward to going to America in January. I was married last June and have not seen my husband since.—MRS. C. M. BROWN, 108, Albion Street, Coatbridge.

No Economy in Lives

WITH THE GRAND EXCUSE of fuel shortage the authorities now seem to be doing as they please about street lighting. My window overlooks the junction of two busy main roads in a built-up area, yet some nights the blackness is almost complete. The only glimmer comes from the telephone box.

Yet the Government have removed the speed limit of twenty miles an hour in built-up areas because the street lighting is generally restored. No wonder



"Your son on leave from the mines, ma'am—and his loot"

After-dark accidents have gone up, despite the lifting of the black-out.—
WINIFRED M. INGHAM, 6, Whalley Road, Padiham, Lancs.

Labour Answers Back

YOUR READER, J. Shear, unjustly accuses you of favouritism over *Bullets*, and suggests that the prizes go to people with Labour views. He also has the temerity to say that "70 per cent. of the people who voted Labour are of the ignorant, uneducated type who expect a day's pay for half a day's work."

Mr. Shear is behind the times. These are the times of *were* ignorant and uneducated. That enabled the unscrupulous to extract from them a week's work for a day's pay.

Now the very fact that they voted Labour shows they have become sufficiently educated to understand the real causes of misery, poverty and insecurity.—L. G. V. DREW, 5, King Street, Wimbington, March, Cambridgeshire.

MR. SHEAR is absolutely right in saying that JOHN BULL is Labour. He is also right when he says that the Labourites are ignorant.

Three men I know, all stoutly Labour, expressed themselves thus as soon as the results were known. "Well, my money is coming out of the bank now. The Government can use anybody's money, but not mine."—RONALD S. REYNOLDS, 55, Wadsworth Road, Sheffield, 11.

Mr. Reynolds is in the minority as far as our readers are concerned. Fifteen people wrote on his side—153 were vehemently against him and Mr. Shear.—Barton.

35-Hour Week

YOUR ARTICLE, "Put the Worker First," by Gilbert McAllister, M.P. (JOHN BULL, October 27), showed what can be achieved by a constructive thinker who is prepared to try out ideas.

But I don't feel happy about his suggestion for two shifts working seven hours a day for five days a week. Shifts have been worked in war-time of necessity, and there has been little grumbling. But will workers want to continue them in peace-time?

Presumably Mr. McAllister has in mind shifts working from about 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. and 3 p.m. to 10 p.m. The day shift is all right—but workers on the later shift will never have a week-day evening at home.

There are free week-ends as compensation, I admit, but, as evenings are everywhere the time for friendly contacts and entertainment, the late-shift worker will have very little opportunity for social life. The answer, I suppose, is a frequent change-over of shifts, but this in itself is upsetting to the routine of life.—G. H., Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1.

Wet Blankets

I HAVE JUST RETURNED home after five and a half years in the Army. On the last two Sunday evenings I have been having a quiet game of dominoes and a



"Stopped us playing"

drink in the "local" when the police have come in and stopped us playing.

Sunday is the only day when a working chap can relax. If the authorities think we will just pack up and "say no" they are very much off the mark.—J. KIRWIN, Bury, Lancs.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

A long wait for an ambulance may tip the balance against the victim's chance of recovery. In this case, owing to the circumstances of the accident, a fire engine arrived before the ambulance, and firemen applied first-aid



DELAYS THAT MEAN DEATH

The scandalous inadequacy of our ambulance facilities is exposed

by WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator

TWO MONTHS AGO, in an article headed "Some Hospitals Are Mortuaries," I urged certain specific reforms in our hospital and nursing home services, and promised to deal with other aspects of the problem later.

Many new letters have reached me from readers, and the evidence collected from different parts of the country establishes beyond doubt that a comprehensive and properly co-ordinated "National Health Service" is very badly needed.

Take the appalling lack of ambulance facilities, for example. Do you realise how universally inadequate they are?

Recently I saw a young lad lying unconscious in a London street. He was badly injured and had fainted after being knocked down by a car.

A great hospital was so near that I could have walked to it in less than two minutes. A cyclist had hurried there for help and, though a policeman arrived fairly promptly, thirty-five minutes passed before an ambulance came.

The car driver offered to drive the youth to the hospital, which was actually in sight, but the policeman would not allow that.

Must Not be Moved

Under Home Office regulations an injured person is not to be moved from the scene of any street accident once a police officer is on the spot, though a doctor or passer-by can give first-aid until the ambulance comes.

When I asked questions at the district police headquarters, pointing out how grim and serious such a long delay was, I was quite frankly told that it is common nowadays to have to approach three or four hospitals before one can accept a case.

Only the other day, after a woman had been severely hurt in a street colli-

sion in another part of London, a fire engine was first to come to her rescue.

If serious delays can happen, as they very frequently do, in London—where there are so many more ambulances than in many of the biggest provincial towns, and where officials do their utmost to cope with their heavy burdens—how worse is the position elsewhere.

Recently, in a North country village in Yorkshire, a lad who had been knocked down by a motor-van was moved to a hospital in a coal cart.

In another provincial town a doctor giving evidence at the inquest on a little girl said he had constantly deplored the difficulty in getting ambulances in serious cases.

In many parts of the country there are absolutely no facilities and, though the urgent need for properly equipped services has been repeatedly emphasised to local authorities, nothing has been done.

Contracts with Garages

Transport and war troubles made matters difficult, true. But the scandal, where many local authorities are concerned, dates back to years long before Hitler set out to conquer Europe.

An official of the Ambulance Services Guild, which has been struggling for years to get the Government to set up a national ambulance service, tells me that few people realise how deplorable the position is.

In scores of smaller towns, street accident or illness victims just have to be taken to hospitals or institutions by the best means available.

Some local councils, in the absence of a proper system run by some central official organisation, have tried to get over the problem by making contracts with local garages. But, generally speaking, there is lack of experienced staff to give help efficiently and quickly.

One of the worst cases on the records of the Ambulance Services Guild is of a

man who was taken ill in the street. At 10.30 one morning a police officer telephoned the local relieving officer for an ambulance. It was two o'clock before one arrived.

In other words, when an ambulance was finally brought to take the man to hospital he had been waiting three and a half hours!

He died in hospital. Apart from the whole question of delay there is the problem of properly skilled ambulance drivers and attendants to be considered.

With no centralised service it is often left to a lorry driver, a taxi driver, or an ordinary motorist to attend to the injured or sick.

At the Trades Union Congress in 1943 the Hospitals and Welfare Services Union urged universal support for their demand that, with so many street fatalities and lack of adequate facilities to cope with them quickly in many areas, a State Register similar to that applied to the nursing profession should be introduced.

Specified training should be compulsory, and no one put in charge of any ambulance until he or she had been qualified and certificated.

That all these innovations are not only desirable but absolutely essential there is no doubt.

I support these demands most strongly.

Supported by Doctors

When I tell you that in one large town where the ambulance service is very efficiently run (though more vehicles are required) 23,382 calls—2,346 to road accidents—were answered during 1944, you will appreciate the urgency of the problem.

The Socialist Medical Association, and countless specialists and doctors, support the plea to the utmost.

It is the duty of the Ministry of Health to tackle this scandal without delay.

What happened "last time" might happen again. J. B. Priestley's warning to the demobbed—in his new book, "Letters to a Returning Serviceman" is described and discussed

by VINCENT BROME



"Priestley handles the biggest problem of the day with all the humanity of a Robert Blatchford."

BEWARE OF PEACE!

"I HOPE YOU WILL AGREE with me when I say that the citizen-soldier, as distinct from the professional, finds himself, at the end of a modern war, a sharply divided man. . . . One half of him wants to settle up and the other half wants to settle down."

That is what J. B. Priestley says in summing up the problem which confronts thousands of men and women now being discharged from the Forces. It appears in his latest book, *Letter to a Returning Serviceman* (Home and Van Thal, 3s. 6d.).

We have done enough, let's settle down at home, says one half. But the other half knows too well that there is a big social battle still to be won, and it cannot be won in retirement.

Nor is this just a personal problem. The fate of the whole country may depend, in the end, on how the problem is solved.

Look back, says Priestley, and see what happened last time. Men and women returned to their quiet domestic lives and let public life go hang. The country drifted and dithered until, at last, it ran slap into another and far worse catastrophe.

And this happened because returning Servicemen were fed up with communal Service life and national slogans, and wanted to go away into some quiet corner and live their own lives.

Is it going to happen again? More positively Priestley asks—are you going to let it happen again?

His Great Crusade

It has been said that we lack another man of Robert Blatchford's calibre to carry on his great crusade for social progress. This book overwhelms any such idea.

Here we have Priestley handling the biggest problem of the day with all the humanity of Blatchford, with more than Blatchford's writing skill, and with the same power to quicken the pulses.

He has written a slight book of fewer than thirty-five pages. You can read it in half an hour. But it will say more to you in that time than a week of browsing among learned volumes. The

book is presented in the form of a letter addressed to Bob, and Bob, of course, is you, me or the next fellow.

Priestley breaks into personal reminiscence once or twice in the course of the letter, but it is reminiscence for the sole purpose of driving home what he has to say. He was himself a returning soldier once, a soldier three times wounded in the last war. He was faced with just the same problem as the Servicemen to-day. To settle up, or settle down?

He surrendered to the second. "I became the typical Englishman behind his high walls and closed door," he says. "And I know now, I was wrong."

From this personal dilemma, Priestley sweeps on, with his easy, colourful prose, to another, two-way problem.

We are trying, he says, to make old

patterns of behaviour fit new conditions of living. He draws another picture to illustrate the point: "Imagine an old coachman, who likes to take a few drinks and to nod over his familiar old horses, suddenly dropped behind the wheel of a high-powered car and ordered to drive at full speed. That is our Twentieth Century."

Yes, and the two ways of life are now in the melting-pot. We apply outdated economic ideas to new methods of production.

We stick to nationalistic politics as though a frontier were still a wall behind which we could claim safety. We uncover the secret of the atom and promptly try to hide it.

These things have remained till now because the man in the street has sat back, sometimes cynically, sometimes

"WHAT was the name of that station we just went through?"

"I don't know. D'ldn't notice. I'm more interested in my feet."

"Here you are, missis. Sit on this suitcase for a bit. Well, I must say there's one thing about travelling in corridors, you can't complain of loneliness."

"You're right there. Did you hear the one about the sardines who said they were packed in like human beings?"

"I read a bit in the paper the other day saying the new trains are going to have dining-cars panelled with Empire woods and curtains and carpets."

"That'll be nice, that will. It'll make the half-cold mutton and cabbage taste a lot better."

"And the semolina pudding."

"THEY say they're going to put fares up again, so it's time they showed something for it."

"Do you remember, before the war, all those advertisements saying the railways wanted a square deal?"

"Do I. And all the time it was the public who wanted a square deal."

"Pardon me. . . . Excuse me. . . . I'm

WITH MY
FEET UP

by IAN FOX

sorry. . . . Pardon me, please. . . . Sorry. . . . Excuse me. . . . Sorry. . . ."

"Got a long walk ahead of her, she has."

"Arid nice accommodation she'll find when she gets there."

"Lots of hot water and a beautiful clean basin, I shouldn't wonder."

"They say they're going to have cinemas showing all the latest films on the new trains."

"That'll be all right. When people are in the cinema we can sit in their seats."

"Or queue in the corridor for the next show."

"And they're going to have telephones

from war weariness, and let things drift. It won't make any difference what I say anyway, he thinks—and tries to believe it.

If he does continue to do this, we are lost. Each time Mr. Smith does not vote in a local election, we are a little nearer disaster. Each time he shuts his eyes to what is happening in the House of Commons, catastrophe gains another inch.

He should absorb and think about every social question, even if he can take no active part. It is this awareness of social responsibility which matters most of all.

Priestley's next illustration recalls the days when there were no queues for the pit and the gallery doors of theatres. "People massed in front of them, then charged in. No doubt for Rugger forwards of an anti-social disposition, the present queueing regulations seem a check on the enterprise, initiative and liberty of the individual, but most other people favour them."

Threats to Freedom

And, of course, a great many of the threats to freedom from controls which have been so publicised lately are merely a change-over from the old charge-in system at the doors to orderly queueing. Behaviour in this case has caught up with modern conditions.

On a personal scale, it is the difference between disruption of our private life and development. On an international scale it is the difference between war and peace.

You can play a vital part in determining which comes out top. You can use to the full your powers and privileges of citizenship, you can keep the country and the world on its toes, or let it all make shift for itself.

So there's the choice—settle up or settle down. But remember these lines at the end of Priestley's letter: "All right . . . go and enjoy the secret sweets of our civvy life. Fleet the time carelessly. . . . But beware."

"We can keep ourselves to ourselves too long. We can do it until we go stale and dim, like the apathetic herd we were in the Baldwin and Chamberlain era, when we messed about in our back gardens."

"But you, I know, love life, and have fought hard for it—so now, my dear Robert, come out and live it, and keep on fighting for it."

so that businessmen can telephone to their offices."

"If they had a telephone on this train I'd ring up the manager of the railway company and ask him to meet me at the station."

"With a hearse."

"HEAVENS, I could do with a cup of tea."

"We stop at the next station. I'll nip out and get a couple of cups."

"You'll nip on to the end of a hundred yard queue."

"And pay 3d. a cup. I never know how they get it that greyish colour."

"Perhaps we shall be able to get cups of tea on the new trains all served on trays made of Empire wood."

"Ah, well, we ought to be getting near where we change. We're only two hours late."

"That's not bad. The last time I came we were three hours late."

"I wonder whether cinemas and telephones and panelled dining-cars will help us to get there on time."

"Here's the ticket collector. I hope he won't mind me standing in a first-class corridor with a third-class ticket."

Everything to live for

She had always been a good wife to Joe, looked after his home, his comfort, his life. But Joe . . . What did Joe think?

by MICHAEL CRAIG

SHE WAS ALONE AT LAST. It had been kind, good of them to come to her. But she hadn't needed their assurance that it wasn't her fault—that she mustn't blame herself.

She had always been a good wife to Joe.

Yes, she was glad to be alone. She had always been one to keep herself to herself, and this time, of all times, she needed privacy.

She turned back into the kitchen and started collecting up the dirty dishes and cutlery from the table. She couldn't abide untidiness. She couldn't sit and be easy in a room like that.

She clicked her tongue impatiently. The mess that Mabel, her sister-in-law, had made cutting the bread. Crumbs all over the end of the table, even on the floor. And the way the loaf was backed about!

Her hands faltered in the act of lathering soap for washing up.

Nine years she and Joe had been married. Nine years, and now it was finished. He had been a good husband and a good, steady worker. And she, she didn't need anyone to tell her that she'd been a good wife.

From the day she had come into the small house as a bride she had kept it clean and perfect. It had been no labour. She had loved her home and wanted it to look just right.

"I'LL ALWAYS BE GLAD," she had said as she had bid Mabel and her husband good-night, "that I gave Joe a good home."

"Of course you did, Daisy." Her brother-in-law patted her hand.

As she closed the door behind them had she, or had she not, heard Mabel say, "Home, my foot!"

Well, maybe it hadn't been Mabel's idea of a home. But she couldn't live as Mabel did—dishes left unwashed in the sink overnight, beds unmade till past ten in the morning.

She couldn't think how her brother-in-law stood it. Not that he didn't make a lot of the mess himself. But that was Mabel's fault. She'd never tried to train him at all. . . .

She, on the other hand, had started off with Joe the way she meant to go on.

She could remember one moment in their early married life. He'd been out into the rain-wet yard to fetch a bucket of coal. He'd been standing half across the room from her, his muddy boots leaving a trail of dirt behind him.

"No, Joe," she'd said firmly. "I don't want you doing things like carrying coal."

He'd gone over to the fire, lengthening the muddy footprints. "I like to, Daisy. I like to give you a hand. Anyway, that sort of thing is too much for a woman."

She'd almost laughed in his face. The

He'd slipped an arm round her waist. "You want me to be the lord and master, and put my feet up, eh?"

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON



impudence of it. He didn't stand any higher than her shoulder.

"Go on with you, Joe. I could manage you and the coal and never notice it."

"Aye, you're a grand big woman." He cocked his head up at her saucily, and his bright eyes were full of admiration.

"Look at the mess you've made, my lad." She got a wet cloth and wiped the floor. "No, I'll not have you doing jobs in the house. That's my province."

He'd slipped an arm around her waist and pinched her.

"You want me to be the lord and master and put my feet up, eh?"

"You'll have to learn to wipe them before you put them up."

She released herself and took polish and rags and worked on the floor until it shone again.

She looked down at it now. It was scuffed and dusty. Yes, it had been kind of Mabel and her husband to come

and see her, but they'd made a mess all right.

Ten to one the rungs of the chair Mabel had been sitting on would be dull and rubbed from her heels. Many times she'd told Mabel off about sitting like that. Feet were supposed to be on the floor. You couldn't teach some people.

JOE HAD BEEN A BIT of a handful to her in the beginning. He had been brought up just anyhow. Shoes kicked off and left where they fell. Ash from his filthy pipe dropping down the knees of his trousers and from there to her clean floor. And his friends! Noisy, heavy smoking, beer-drinking rabble, they'd been. And their wives, with whom Joe wished her to be friends, had been much of a nuisance.

In the beginning Joe wouldn't understand how she felt about them.

"What's the harm in a smoke, a glass

of beer, and a bit of a laugh," he'd tease her. "You'll like them once you get to know them, Daisy."

But she never had. They weren't her sort at all.

All her life she had wanted to know nice, respectable people. People who would come to tea in the small front room on a Sunday afternoon. People who would appreciate the gleam and polish of her home, the thinness of her sandwiches, the lightness of the cake she'd baked. People with some intelligence, some dignity.

"Why, if it's brains you're hankering after, you should listen to Walter one evening. He was telling me the other night about an idea for a lathe he's working on. Sounds mighty good."

"Walter! That great hulking brute! Why, he positively smells, Joe. The other night I thought I'd be sick."

"Oh, it's only the smell of oil, Daisy."

He gets it down at the garage."

"He can take a bath, can't he?"

Yes, they'd been a horrible lot of people. When the baby had been coming she'd told Joe straight she wouldn't stand any more of them.

"It's too much to expect me to go on cleaning up after them."

"Of course, Daisy," he said gently. "You just let things slide and take it easy. A bit of dirt never did anyone any harm."

"You keep them out of my house while I'm like this."

"Of course I will. Do you think it will be a boy or a girl?"

"How on earth would I know?"

She'd been impatient. She wasn't one who took kindly to illness—whether it was in herself or anyone else. All she grimly hoped was that it would be a girl.

She didn't want a boy with his mud and bits of string and odd gadgets messing up her house. You could bring up a girl in the right way. A girl was possible, if you must have a baby, but a boy!

She was determined it mustn't be a boy.

"A son," Joe's voice sounded soft. "I'll teach him to play marbles in the back there learn him to box, take him to football matches, whippet racing. . . ."

"You'll not take a child of mine racing," she said firmly. "Next thing you'd be taking him down to that filthy pub on the corner."

"Why, Daisy! I didn't know you minded me going to the pub. I thought it gets me out of your way." He grinned at her. "You often tell me I get under your feet."

Yes, she had told him that. He'd been a difficult man to have about the house in those days. Restless, mooching around a room, picking things up, putting them down in the wrong place.

But the baby coming changed him.

She hated her pregnancy, hated her own unwieldy body, hated not being able to get on with things—to keep things nice.

But Joe was thrilled. He sat quietly with her for hours in the evenings. He went less and less to the pub, and as her time grew near he gave up going altogether.

He even agreed eagerly with her that it was nice to sit in their clean warm house by themselves.

The smell of his pipe made her feel sick—he put it away. She'd always hated having beer in the place—he stopped bringing it home—which meant he stopped having it at all, thank goodness.

He had to have something to do—she could see that. She got him interested in a hobby. Fretwork. He made her several pretty pieces for the house. She was silently amazed at the deftness and sureness of his hands.

SHE COULD SEE HIM changing day by day into the pattern of a husband she could admire, be proud of.

But there had been a bad setback when the baby—a boy—was born dead. For a while you'd have thought she had murdered it.

"It never had a chance," he said, the tears running foolishly down his cheeks, his small shoulders heaving. "You would go on and on. Scrubbing, polishing. You never wanted it—never. . . ."

That was ridiculous. Of course she'd wanted it. But she hadn't been able to talk to Joe at all—there was no reason in him. He grew slovenly and irritating again. He didn't restart any of his drinking and smoking in the house—that she was firm about—but he took to going over to Mabel's in the evening, leaving her alone.

"Come on over with me—if it's company you need," he said sulkily.

"To that house! Never. Go off and

IMMORTAL—AND WHY

by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE



FALSTAFF

Falstaff, gross of body, nimble-witted, coward, profligate, a mountain of disreputability, is the richest comic character in English literature.

He is a gentleman in ruins. His is the old age of a play-boy who, white-haired and fat, still plays, scandalously living on his wits.

Shakespeare loved his clowns. Christopher Sly, Bottom, Sir Toby Belch, and Autolycus, more rogue than clown, were not a dramatist's mere comic relief, but creatures whom he loved. But roll the lot of them together in their clowning and their roguery and their sum is less than Falstaff, singly humorous lord of his mad and exuberant domain.

Hotspur alone could make a play. There are, also, Glendower, Henry IV and Henry the son; and Falstaff scatters them like chaff in the play of "Henry IV, Part I," and, incredibly, gains stature in Part II.

There he dominates the finest tavern scene ever written. There, in the Cotswold country, poetry oozes like juice from an over-ripe plum from the beggar on horseback bullying the local peasants.

He is still Falstaff in "The Merry Wives," though Shakespeare made a butt of him in a play said to have been written in a fortnight because Queen Elizabeth, and a good judge too, demanded more Falstaff.

Shakespeare, compelled to kill Falstaff because if left alive he would have overshadowed Henry V, made his death, through the mouth of Mistress Quickly, as poignantly moving as anything he ever wrote. It hurt Shakespeare to kill Falstaff.

The improprieties of Falstaff are too large to be improper. Why, man, he doth bestride the comic world like a Colossus. And respectability is—round the corner.

Famous Names—of people, places and things—are the guide marks to History. In this new JOHN BULL series, Harold Brighouse will recall the stories that lie behind them with interesting facts which may be fresh to many of us.

leave me if you want to. I'm getting used to being alone."

One hot, close, summer day she'd been polishing the front hall when suddenly she'd felt giddy.

She hadn't really been lying when she told Joe that evening that she had fainted.

"Fainted! Daisy—that isn't like you. There must be something the matter. You'd better see a doctor."

"I haven't felt too well since the baby," she said. "I think it took more out of me than I thought. Of course . . . of course, it all ending as it did. . . ."

"Poor Daisy." His arm had been gentle about her. "I've been a selfish brute to you. . . . I thought. . . . Well, never mind."

He stayed home with her. And then she would notice him beginning to get restless.

Well, some people, stupid people, might say it was a wicked thing she'd done, telling him that the doctor said she had a weak heart because of the baby. But, she'd done it for Joe's sake. She'd done everything for Joe. And he'd been happy about it, too.

Why, she had once heard him say to Mabel in his new quiet voice: "Daisy and me are just about 100 per cent. perfect. The house is perfect, I'm perfect, and there's no doubt that Daisy is."

"You need a drink," Mabel had said in her common fashion. "And a still one."

"I never drink, Mabel," he said. "Hadn't you heard?"

Of course it had been a shock to her when he got called up into the Army. She felt queer and lost without him. And she worried about him.

She wrote to him every week. Told him how she had shifted the house round now he was gone. How she had made the small front room into a bedroom for herself and turned their larger one into a sitting-room. Not that she used it much, she wrote, but it was lovely to have a proper sitting-room at last.

She sighed and straightened her back as she finished swabbing the sink round. She'd give the floor a polish now, and have a look at that chair Mabel had messed up. After that, she'd go to bed. It had been a tiring, dreadful day for her.

If only she'd known about Joe earlier she wouldn't have shifted her bed back to their room. Oh, well, she'd turn it round again in the morning.

WHEN SHE HAD FIRST HEARD about him she thought he must have got into some trouble. Some woman, perhaps. She had never questioned him about his life in the Army. She'd read often that men didn't like to talk of death, and fear, and things like that.

The large, loud-voiced soldier who had visited her this morning, saying he was Joe's best friend, had been emphatic.

"Joe never bothered with skirts, sorry, women. Never had any interest in them at all. Seemed to be a bit scared of them, if you ask me. But he was a great little fellow. Always ready for a joke, a laugh, and a pint. Never seen anyone who seemed to enjoy the Army so much. Everything seemed fine to him. I just can't understand it. He was that careful, too. I've seen him clean a rifle many and many a time."

He paused. "You don't think. . . .?"

He continued, looking at her anxiously. "Of course not. Why should he? He had nothing to worry about. His job was waiting for him. And I've kept his home going just as I always have and always would. He knew he was all right."

The soldier rolled his cap nervously between his thick hands. "Well, I'd better be getting along. I suppose it's just as they say. An accident. He must have been that excited about being demobbed he forgot his gun was loaded."

AUNT SALLY OF THE LAW

THERE IS, TO MY MIND, only one way to settle the football pools controversy once and for all. That is by a poll of public opinion throughout the country.

I have no idea of the collective number which would record a vote against the pools. But I do know that some 9,000,000 people would return an emphatic vote in their favour.

Yet, as matters now stand, these 9,000,000 people are being denied a voice in what, to them, has become a pleasant weekly diversion, the marking of a football coupon. They are at the mercy of any kill-joy or crank who takes it into his head to take advantage of the anomalies of the law.

Probably there is nothing in this country which arouses such unwarranted prejudice in a small—though untiring—minority as football pools.

Attacks on the Pools

What is there about this hobby that kindles such prejudice?

From time to time the ordinary man sees some of the more die-hard newspapers resume attacks upon the pools, usually as a "stunt." The pool entrant is condemned out of hand, yet many of the objections are so ill-founded and fatuous that they merely make him laugh.

Incidentally, these same anti-pool newspapers carry Stock Exchange information and detailed racing news as a matter of course—"gamble" involving far more money than the amount which people "invest" on football coupons.

No one would welcome a legal

The problem of the Pools will shortly be discussed in the House of Lords. Will the promoters win?

by H. L. VICKERY

clarification of the pools position more than the promoter himself—providing his pool is a reputable one. It would give a hard-and-fast safeguard both for himself and his clients.

At present the promoter hardly knows where he stands. At one stage his pool is only "legal" if his coupon appears in a newspaper.

Illegal Publication

At another, it is *illegal* for him to publish his coupon in any newspaper.

At first, he can advertise his dividends. Then he is not so sure that he can, and publication of them is suspended in the Press.

Then the publication of those dividends is resumed, but whether "legally" or not is still unknown by anybody, including, it seems, the law itself!

Small wonder that the pool enthusiast goes on filling in his coupon from week to week with a feeling that he is only doing so on sufferance.

In effect, the anti-pool fanatic has done a great disservice to the very people whose interests he professes to have so much at heart.

He has paved the way for a "racket" which the genuine pools concerns are the first to condemn. Taking advantage of the present peculiar situation, "bucket-shop" pools have sprung up with

the sole idea of defrauding the public.

A legal anomaly which thus drives pools "underground" is surely as much a menace as the practices it encourages.

Any genuine pool is prepared at all times to supply the following information to newspapers:

Details of dividends, audited by recognised accountants;

Names and addresses of winners, which can be investigated to establish their bona fides;

A working insight into the "mechanics" of the pool whereby clients are protected against fraud.

Such information precludes the "fiddling" of dividends by unscrupulous promoters and the conjuring up of mythical "winners."

But since the killjoys began to attack, the reputable pools never had a chance to state a case for themselves and their clients. The pools have become in recent years a sort of Aunt Sally of the law.

What a howl would go up throughout the country if some crank tried to take advantage of the archaic legal fact that football itself is illegal! Yet, as far as I know, the law which banned the game 350 years ago has never been repealed.

Our National Leisure

Pool entrants should be given an opportunity of registering their feelings as a guide to the authorities in assessing the place of pools in our national leisure.

As managing director of I.T.P., a London firm which is one of the leading "independent" pools in the country, I can testify to the value of thus taking a cross-section of public opinion. We have recently employed this method on the controversial topic of pool aid grants to football clubs—by directly canvassing the opinion of the tens of thousands of our clients.

Too many people are all too quick to make pronouncements about pools and football without any recourse to the poolites and football fans. We are giving them the opportunity, by recording votes of "Yes" or "No," to speak for themselves on a point which, though a side issue, is an extremely vital one to the future well-being of the game itself.

CLEAR UP THE SOCCER MUDDLE

ONLY THE FUTURE of professional soccer football can decide if the decision of the Football League not to accept the offer of £100,000 from the combine of large pool interests is a wise one.

It is certainly true that the game needs money and needs it badly.

Even the richest clubs in the country will need to spend a great deal of money on their grounds, which have in many cases suffered greatly either from enemy action or ordinary wear and tear.

War-time football has been a poor financial substitute for the money-spinning cup-ties and "needle" league encounters which provided the bulk of the average club's finance in normal times. Even then, a large number of the 88 clubs which comprised the Football League had to be subsidised to a great extent by directors who loved the game for its own sake.

Behind the massive financial façades of clubs like Tottenham Hotspur, Aston Villa, Arsenal, Everton, etc., there were the little clubs like Rochdale, Gateshead and Swindon, to whom a 20,000 gate would be a veritable life-saver.

Then there was the question of the players. Many of them got little more than £3 per week out of football all the year round. Stars, players like Stanley Matthews and Eddie Hapgood, were only paid £8 per week, with a bonus for a win or draw.

Yes, the evidence that these football pools turning over millions of pounds every week all from this national game of soccer should contribute towards its welfare was overwhelming.

But there were other points of view, some of them impossible to contradict. Many prominent people in the game have always deprecated gambling on a game which has come to be regarded as a by-word for clean sport. Even football's greatest detractors had then to admit that no other professional sport in the world had such a clean record as professional football.

Acceptance of such an offer would inevitably mean some subservience to interests which, after all, are side-lines to the game. Men like W. C. Cuff, of Everton, president of the League Management Committee, have always been uncompromising opponents of any deal with the pools' interests.

For the time being they have won, and professional soccer football remains faithful to the ideals which actuated its founders—of clean sport even allied with professionalism. No gambling and no play on the Lord's Day.

But the Players' Union, a body rapidly growing in power, threatens a strike to gain its demands for better pay.

The Players' Union insists that they can accept pool money for the welfare of their members. Clubs insist that all engagements will be kept, even if all their players are local amateurs.

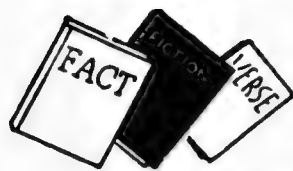
Some insist, with justification perhaps, that the crippling Entertainment Tax is the real villain of the piece—and all we have is deadlock. It's as bad as the international tangle, and yet it is Britain's national sport. What are we going to do about it?

STANLEY NELSON,



We don't read French or German,
Spanish or Greek or Dutch,
And the finest yarns in Afrikaans
To us they don't mean much.

But English—that's another thing
Why, we're prepared to say
We'd swop for a look at an English book
As much as a month of pay.



Books and magazines are needed more than ever by our Forces overseas now that hostilities have ended. Keep up the supply! Go over your bookshelves regularly and turn out every book you can spare. Hand them over any post-office counter without wrapping, stamps or label. Just say: Books for the Forces.

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Every bath can be a "beauty bath"—soothing jangled nerves—refreshing tired limbs—when you've got really hot water constantly at command. An abundant supply of boiling hot water is only one of the many advantages that Electricity can bring you.

Cooking and cleaning, washing-up, washing and ironing too are all so much easier and quicker with Electricity's aid. You'll enjoy more comfort, more leisure, more peace, more pleasure in a home fully equipped with Electricity.

Why not talk things over with the experts at your Electricity showrooms? They'll help you to get the Electric service you ought to have.

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You, too, can be like the stars—treat your hair to an "All-Star" Drene Shampoo and see for yourself how it sparkles with scintillating highlights. Drene is quick to use and leaves all types of hair as easy to set as ABC... lovelier, more glamorous than ever before.



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the daily round

It is a comfortable thought when facing the daily round to know that in one's pocket is a packet of "Player's"...

Player's
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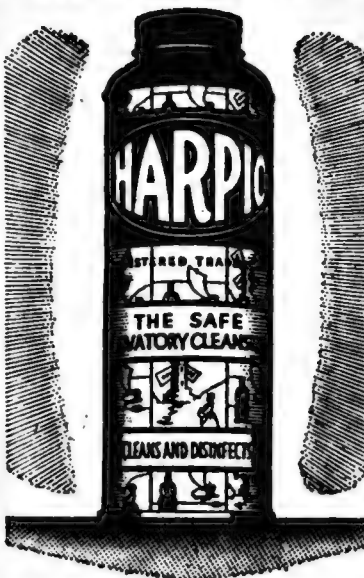
I'm clocking-in -at home!

I've said good-bye to that war job, and now I'm going to enjoy the simple home life I've been so eagerly planning. Family health will be my first responsibility. I shall make sure that 'Milk of Magnesia,' which has helped to keep me free of digestive upsets in the stress and strain of war, will never be missing from the medicine cabinet.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of
Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

An easy way to clean the lavatory



To clean the lavatory, just sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible. Then flush.

Harpic is thorough and effective in its action—cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes. It reaches right into the S-bend, leaving the whole bowl sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

HARPIC
FOR THE LAVATORY

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Sound advice from someone who knows

Mrs. B.: I've tried everything, Nurse.

How can a food bring me relief?

NURSE: Because it corrects the cause of your condition, which is lack of "bulk" in the foods you eat.

Mrs. B.: But, Nurse, I get plenty to eat.

NURSE: I don't mean that, Mrs. B. But, you see, the staple foods that make up most of our diet are almost completely absorbed into the system. The residue left in the intestines is not bulky enough for the intestinal muscles to "take hold of." They cease to work, you get constipated.

Mrs. B.: But how can I get this 'bulk'?

NURSE: Just eat Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast. It's a natural bulk food and supplies the intestines with the bulk they need.



Mrs. B.: I hope it's not disagreeable.

NURSE: It's a crisp, delicious breakfast food. You'll love the flavour.

Mrs. B.: I'll start on it tomorrow, Nurse.

NURSE: You'll be glad you did. Eat All-Bran every day, drink plenty of water, and you won't be bothered by constipation any more.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

3 points a packet, price 7½d.

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GROWING
UP
ON—

**CADBURYS
BOURNVILLE
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I eat something crisp and
crunchy every day.

When I can get it, I prefer

RYVITA
CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD



Father and Spot are the only members of the family who enjoy using their legs. And Father's week-end walks would be dreary trudges without Spot padding eagerly by his side. Spot's regular Bob Martin's—one a day—make him a grand walking companion. They keep him always in condition and in the best of spirits.

In Packets, 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit



Competitions Calling!

FIRST ENTRY, FIRST PRIZE

In our 1,498th *Bullets* Contest, the £200-plus-Celebration First Prize was won with a single, sixpenny entry from a young woman who had never sent in a *Bullet* before! On that coupon was the simply worded but effective effort, **WISE PARSON—ASKS NEED, NOT CREED.** As usual, *John Bull's* congratulations were sent by telegram to this First Prize-winner, Mrs. M. G. A. S. C. O. I. N. E. "Mountain Ash," Station Road, Addlestone—and the thrilling news arrived the day after her 26th birthday.

"My husband is a Sergeant in the R.A.F.," Mrs. Gascoigne told *John Bull*. "He has served six years and I hope he will be demobbed soon. Then, with our baby son, we will leave my parents' home and set up one of our own. This grand prize will be an immense help."

For the actual making of her *Bullet*, the winner said she has to thank her father, Mr. F. Stephens, who has entered for our Contests ever since they started more than 32 years ago. "After Dad had posted his entry

I noticed this *Bullet* he had left out and I sent it in on my own. "I myself feel hardly competent to give advice. But Dad, who's won prizes from a Second to Christmas Feasts and minor awards, says this: 'Study the winning efforts, use simple words and remember this—it's quality, not quantity,' that counts with the judges."

Have you ever seen the colour of a *John Bull* cheque? Have you ever tasted a *John Bull* Christmas Feast? Your opportunity to do both is here to-day, so make good use of your coupons below.

First, Second, Third

First Prize in Contest 1,498, £200 cash, goes to J. Levis, 8, Bancroft Terrace, Sunderland. His winning words were: To Preserve Peace—Leading Need, Needing Lead.

Second Prize of £20 won with this *Bullet*: Side By Side—Present Mars Smaller Target! (W. B. Courtney, 12, Norbury Court Rd., Norbury, S.W.16).

Third Prize, £10: Fenced In—By "Hurdles" I Avoided (W. S. Dobson, 55, Alma Road, Birkdale, Southport). Vacuum Cleaners as offered accompany First, Second, and Third Prizes.

Other Winners

Wouldn't It Be Grand If—Peoples Talked—People Didn't! (S. A. M. Casely, 13, Dunrobin Place, Edinburgh); Side By

Side—Only Joe In Step! (£5, J. H. Craig, 17, Unity Park, Shotts, Lanarkshire); United We Won, So—Happy Band? Unhappy "Soloists"! (£5, J. H. Neville-Weaver, 13, St. George's Rd., Truro); Our Coalman—Married "Milkman"—"Postman," Bridesmaid! (£5, J. M. Russell, 29, Wedon Way, Bygrave, Baldock); Looked Small—Through Seeking To Belittle (£5, D. Yorke, 4, School St., Radcliffe, Nr. Manchester).

Through The Counter—Almost, Postmistress Slaps Stamp! (£4, J. B. Beggs, 4, Lucerne, Pde., Belfast); Our Coalman—Nowadays Finds Carpet Down! (£4, E. M. Ham, 11, Fremantle Sq., Colham, Bristol); Judging By Sink—I'm Dwarf—Shelves, Giant! (£4, Mrs. L. Johnson, 11, Glamryd, Rhiwbina, Cardiff); United We Won, So—Might Send Referee Grapes! (£4, J. Thompson, 12, Braddyll Tce., Ulverston); Through The Leather—Now, Toes I'm On! (£4, Mrs. K. Ward, 75, Hartlepool Rd., Coventry).

A list of 50 winners of 10s. and 20 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. All prizes have been posted, including 1,500 Merit Awards.

Rules of Contests

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all



GILBERT WILKINSON ILLUSTRATES A "BULLET"

Plenty To Read—Phrenologist, When Henpeck Visited!

Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by a staff of competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Two free *Bullets* allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O., make payable to *John Bull*, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated Dec. 1, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

CLUES FOR £100 CROSSWORD

BACK to *John Bull* this week comes a Crossword Square—with a £100 Cash First Prize to encourage you to try your hand at answering the Clues below.

Runners-up will share Awards value £25—and to each winner of a prize value 5s. or more, a 4-lb. Christmas Cake will be posted in good time for December 25.

Across

1. You can do this in lead or in colours
2. Lucky one can conceivably save a man's life
3. Those made by bricks are the most popular
4. Brush is sometimes used in preparing this
5. Shortage put this on the ration
6. Lack of water can reduce its value

Down

1. Causes less grumbling if justified
2. Measurement of this must be exact if it is to be useful
3. There's a kind of this which can be pretty sticky
4. Schoolboy should go slow on
5. Is very common in black and white
6. They give sound guidance
7. Becomes bare as season gets over
8. Eats its way into things

Xword 451 Result

WINNING WORDS: 1. Shop. 2. Storm. 3. Man. 4. Mite. 5. Coal. 6. Tale. 7. Mental. 8. Sleek. 9. Mint. 10. Barn. 11. Garret. 12. Fop. 13. Dream. 14. Tack.

£100 SHARERS: A. C. Elsmore, 27, Etwell Road, Hall Green, Birmingham; Pte. S. L. Jary, 114, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; Pte. G. E. Johnson, Uplands, Norfolk Road, Uxbridge. RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value £25 shared between 22 entrants.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" 1503 (or XWORD 455),

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" £500

TO make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

BRITAIN'S HARD UP, BUT INDUSTRIAL WARFARE WHAT HOME MEANS OUR LITTLE CREW CROWDED OUT VOICE OF HUMANITY TO END THE DEADLOCK TO-MORROW'S SUNRISE HIDEOUS MISTAKE AT TOP SPEED TAME SURE ENOUGH TO YOUTH THE ONE AND ONLY NEW FOREMAN

This Week's Offer

First Prize £250; Second, £25; Third £10; 10 of £5; 10 of £2 10s. All cheques plus Christmas Dinner Award. 100 4-lb. Christmas Cakes; 1,500 Merit Awards.

For full details, see "Bullets" Bulletin, obtainable as directed on coupon.

FIRE WITH AMBITION EVERY MOTHER KNOWS ON THE PROWL SONNY'S TEACHER THEY'RE IN LOVE, SO

INCOMPLETE "EXAMPLES"

See instructions.

WANTED FOR TAKES THE SEEMS TO GROWING WORTHY OF WHEN AUNTIE PLAYED

HOW TO ENTER FOR "JOHN BULL'S" £100 XWORD

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

ENTRY FEE—4d. For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d., to cover also cost of printing, despatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful Crossword Gazette dated Nov. 24. If no Gazette required, one additional plain-paper list of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No. 455 Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 12.



Signed.....
Address

POST THIS "BULLETS" COUPON BY MON. NOV. 12

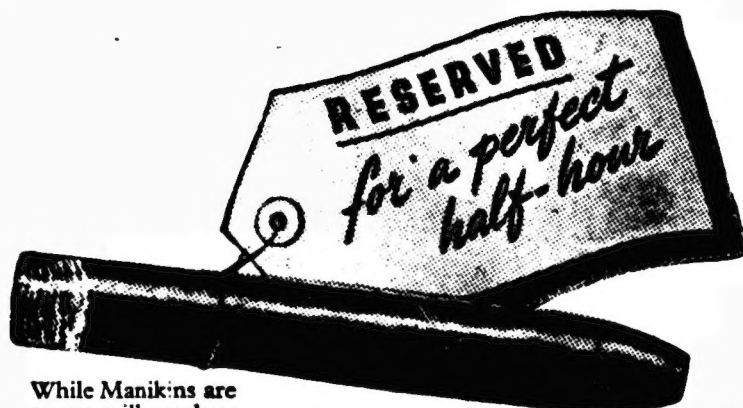
EXAMPLE.....
BULLET.....
EXAMPLE.....
BULLET.....
EXAMPLE.....
BULLET.....
EXAMPLE.....
BULLET.....
For £50 "Bulletin" dated Nov. 24, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope

I enclose P.O. value..... Signed.....
No. 1,503 Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 12.....
Address

Support your own
**SAVINGS
THANKS-
GIVING
WEEK**
and remember that
the maximum
individual holding of
3%
**DEFENCE
BONDS**
has been increased from
£1,000 to £1,500
This space is placed at the disposal
of the National Savings Committee
by Midland Bank Limited.

Look
forward
to
EKCO
television

RESERVED
for a perfect half-hour



While Manikins are scarce will smokers lucky enough to obtain a supply please keep them for very special occasions.

Manikin CIGARS
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd. (Est. 1839) Pulton Place, S.W.8 35c

CHRISTOPHER STONE SAYS

"How right you'll be to choose"

BUSH RADIO

AVAILABLE SOON
ask your Bush dealer

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER RD., CHISWICK, W.4 royals 454D

COUNTLESS CHINS LEFT IN PEACE EVERY DAY

by the softening, smoothing, soothing lather of **PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM**



1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

BEST ON EARTH

whether in the field or down the lane



DUNLOP

write to **JOHN BULL** about it

Continued from page 3

fully considered from all angles before a decision is made.

In the meantime I advise you to send details of your case to the Ministry of Labour and National Service, Regional Office, 281-289, Corporation Street, Birmingham, 4.

Class B Demobbing

"I VOLUNTEERED FOR THE ARMY in 1940, and was told to go back to my work in building. But I was called up in 1943, and as a result I am in Group 37 for demobilisation.

"Can you give me any information about demobbing under Class B? The military authorities say it is up to the Ministry of Labour, and the Ministry of Labour say it rests with the Services.

"After sixteen months in Europe I am about to be sent to S.E.A.C., and yet the country is shouting for more houses!"

● OF COURSE THE COUNTRY is shouting for houses, but a man cannot apply for his release under Class B, however much the country may need his services.

The Ministry of Labour and National Service decide which occupational classes are required for release under this scheme, and states the numbers. The Service Departments then consult the Central Records, and select men for release in age and length of service order.

Those men who are on the point of being released under Class A are not included. They will soon be released anyway. This method is generally admitted to be the fairest to all parties, but it does seem to be hard on a man who joined up late through no fault of his own.

Patenting an Invention

"CAN YOU TELL ME how to go about patenting an invention? Several times I have had bright ideas which might have materialised if I had known what to do to protect them. Does it cost much to take out a patent?"

"And, suppose I were to patent a useful gadget, but later someone else made a slight improvement on it, does that kill my patent?"

● THE PATENT OFFICE is a Government concern attached to the Board of Trade. If you write there, you can get a leaflet of *Instructions to Applicants*, which explains what steps to take to patent an invention. The address is 25, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

If your "bright idea" is useful, practicable, and really new, you can file a provisional specification—a short descrip-

tion of the "gadget" and its purpose—for a fee of £1.

You have to pay a fee of £4 with the final specification, and another £1 for the official seal. The total amount paid to the Government is therefore £6.

A patent expires after 16 years. To keep the patent alive during those years it has to be renewed from time to time: The cost is £4 at the end of the fourth year, £5 at the end of the fifth year, and so on.

Now about your final question. If someone else makes an improvement on your idea, so that his article is likely to steal your market from you, he has to pay royalties to you for the use of your original idea.

It is best to consult a Patent Agent, who will find out whether your idea has not been patented already, and who will know how to word your final specification in the correct technical language. His fees vary according to the amount of work involved—anything from £20 upwards.

No Tax Exemption

"I HAVE HEARD that discharged Servicemen are exempt from income tax during the first year of their rehabilitation. Is this so?"

● WHAT YOU HAVE HEARD about exemption from income tax is quite untrue. The rumour seems to have been created by wishful thinking.

Cannot Travel to Work

"UNTIL THREE WEEKS AGO my daughter was employed in essential work. The Employment Exchange has now offered her a job which is ten or twelve miles from home, but travelling by bus or train always upsets her.

She wants to refuse this offer, but is told that if she does so her unemployment pay will be stopped."

● IF A MAN OR WOMAN, capable of doing a certain kind of work, refuses to do it without adequate reason, then the unemployment benefit is liable to be stopped. The whole point is that the job must be considered a suitable one, and your daughter must have a legitimate reason for declining to take it. If travelling by road or rail has a serious effect on her health, she should be able to produce a medical certificate to that effect.

If the Insurance Officer thinks her reason insufficient, his decision to disallow her claim will be given on a form which will be handed to her at the Employment Exchange. She can appeal within twenty-one days to the local Court of Referees, but she must have a strong case to succeed.



Always take Aspirin
in the form of
Alasil
—and note the
Difference

WHENEVER you have Headache, Toothache or Neuralgia, take an 'Alasil' Tablet and prove for yourself how quickly it brings relief. It is just as effective for Rheumatic pains, Periodic pains or Digestive troubles due to acidity.

'Alasil' is a new and improved form of aspirin which possesses important advantages for the relief of pain. Its exceptional qualities are recognised by Medical and Dental practitioners and specialists—by whom 'Alasil' is widely prescribed.

Every 'Alasil' Tablet contains the normal supply of the highest quality aspirin plus 'Alcolol'—an important antacid which soothes and protects the stomach. For this reason 'Alasil' can be taken by everyone—even by those with disordered or sensitive digestion.

In Bottles 1/11 & 1/5. Cartons 6d. At all Chemists.

AS49

STOMACH SUFFERER SAYS

How Much I Appreciate
"MACLEANS"

Dear Sirs, Westray.
I write to let you know how much I appreciate "Macleans." I have used it for years, as I am terribly bothered with pains in my stomach. . . .

I really don't know what I should do if I did not have Macleans. I cannot praise it too highly.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) W.E.R.
Maclean Brand Stomach Powder quickly relieves Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea, and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion. Price 2/3 and 5/6d. (Inc. Tax). Only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need the threefold comfort treatment:—

A Cuticura Soap bath, Cuticura Ointment application, and Cuticura Talcum between the toes. Try it and know what real foot comfort is like.

Chemists & Stores
:64

Cuticura
OINTMENT

November 3 1945 JOHN BULL

SHE GUARDS HER
magnesia smile



She's got that sparkling smile that mother loves to see! She makes sure that she keeps her teeth clean, healthy and free from discoloration by regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia,' which corrects mouth acid, so often the cause of dental trouble. Children use Phillips' Dental Magnesia gladly because it leaves the mouth feeling clean, and they love its flavour! Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10d.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

* Milk of Magnesia is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

It's that beard again!



Smart men shave with—**Ever-Ready Blades**

GORRUX



Shavallo
LATHER SHAVE
JOHN KNIGHT LTD LONDON

A DAB plus A BRUSH equals lashings of lovely lather

SV 1374-621 Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD.

BRITISH WINES

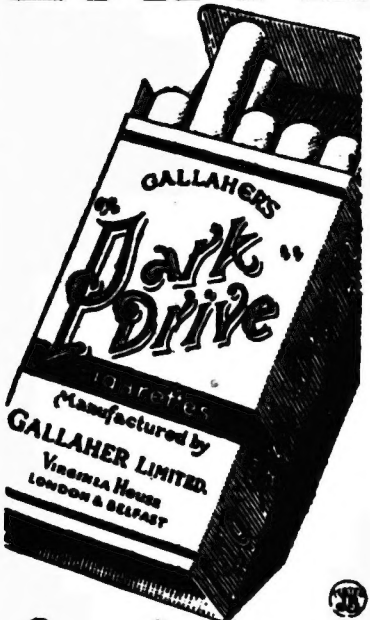
WHITEWAYS

WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" THEM

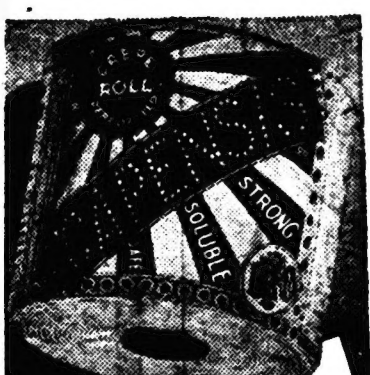
For over 50 years the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality. When purchasing Whiteaway's Port-Style Wines and British Sherry you can be sure that, from the time the Grapes are gathered in the Vineyards of the "Sunny South" until the Wine has reached the final stage of blending and maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon," the greatest care has been taken in every process of production.

The Whiteaway Brand British Wines are sold under the Certificate of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

PARK DRIVE



for pleasure



CAPENSIS
GUARANTEED 100% PURE
EXTRA SOFT

The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock
Maximum Controlled Price 8½d. per roll

"John Bull's" Souvenir Book Presentation for every reader

The VICTORY BOOK

160 PHOTOGRAPHS
320 PAGES
The War from Beginning to End

FROM WARSAW TO TOKIO!
Here taken at random are just a few of the 160 wonderful action and front-line photographs in this historic book:
Hanks Attack Poland, St. Paul's ringed by flames, Last moments of H.M.S. Hood, Graveyard of Luftwaffe, Pearl Harbour Attack, Rescue of Torpedoed Bombers, Scuttling of French Fleet, Evacuation at Arnhem, The Marines go in at Iwojima, Jap Convoy Sunk, Mulberry Harbour, Paratroops "Jump the Rhine," Russia's Agency, Concentration Camp, The "6th" Attack, Hill of Death, Jungle Drama, Surrender of Japan, etc., etc., etc.

Have you got your copy of this wonderful Victory Book? If not, you must apply at once before it is too late! And have you thought what a lovely Xmas Gift this Book would be for a friend? This beautifully bound pictorial Record of the War from beginning to end is an entirely NEW work which tells in amazing action photos and a vivid narrative the most dramatic episodes of the war from Warsaw to Tokio!

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STANDARD EDITION in Blue Bookcloth, send only 6s. 6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.
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DO THIS NOW.
Fill in "Book With Care" Label as directed and post with Postal Order for correct amount to Odhams Press Ltd., "Victory Book," Book Dept., J.T.J. Kings Langley, Herts. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co/. All applications must be received not later than November 13. This offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. If from N. Ireland or Eire country MUST be stated on label.

A BOOK WITH CARE Carriage Paid Home WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS NAME ADDRESS TOWN COUNTY If undelivered, return to Book Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., Kings Langley, Herts. STANDARD 6/6 DE LUXE 7/6 Strike out Edition not required. J.T.J. 3/11/45.	WILL YOU DO A GOOD DEED? Will you, as a Peace Thank-Offering, help the great Christmas Appeal for the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1? If so, put a ring round the amount you will send, and a reminder will be posted to you in good time for Christmas. Send no money now. <table border="1"> <tr> <td>2/6</td> <td>5/-</td> <td>10/-</td> <td>£1</td> </tr> </table> Write your name and address below in BLOCK LETTERS. Name..... Address..... Enclose this coupon with the Form on the left. J.T.J. 3/11/45.	2/6	5/-	10/-	£1
2/6	5/-	10/-	£1		

"Coughing keeps me awake at night."

"THEN TAKE A SPOONFUL OF THIS"



Is there anything more miserable than lying awake at night, tormented and tired out with coughing? If that's your trouble, tackle it straight away with Zubes Cough Cure. The time-honoured remedies in this tried and trusted mixture instantly soothe away exasperating throat tickle—the cause of so much night coughing—and let you get some rest and peace. Ask your chemist for Zubes Cough Cure today.

ZUBES COUGH CURE

Prices 1/3d and 2/5d per bottle

A GOOD HOMELY FLAVOUR

The flavour of Bovril



There's infinite flavour and goodness—the special unmistakable goodness of prime lean beef—in every spoonful of Bovril. With Bovril at hand, you can always have something tasty.

★ Add Bovril to soup, sauces, stews and casseroles. It enriches your dishes and makes them more delicious.

★ Spread Bovril on bread-and-butter or toast for sandwiches or snacks. It's so quick—and a very little goes so far.

BOVRIL

FOR ALL-ROUND ENJOYMENT

In bottles—1 oz. 7½d.; 2 oz. 1½; 4 oz. 2½; 8 oz. 3½; 16 oz. 6½



The floor's a safe 'playground' for Ken. You see, Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather removes both dirt and the germs it carries. Wherever it is used mother knows there's grand health protection in

Lifebuoy

It's more than a good soap—it's a good habit!

2½d per tablet